

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

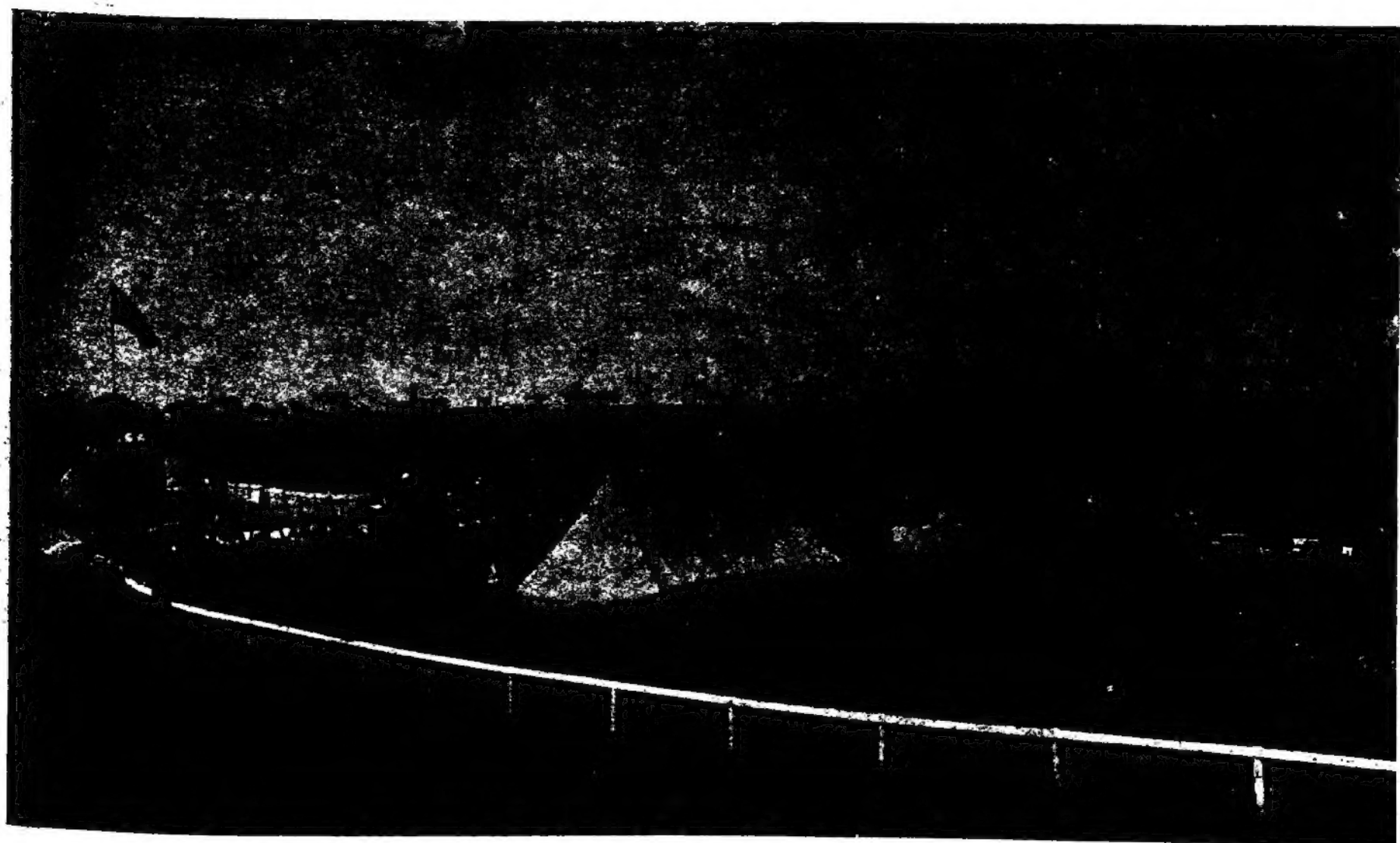
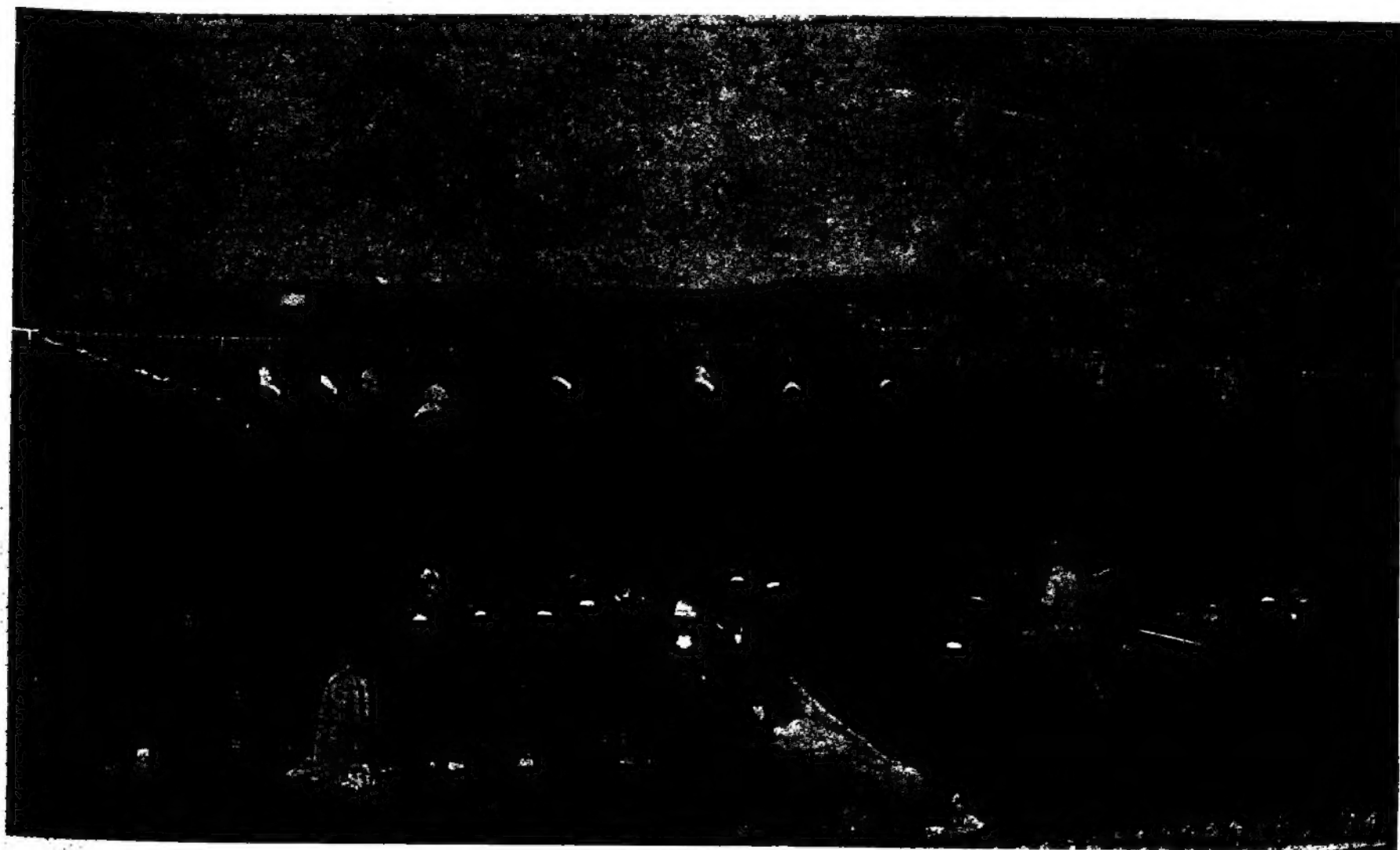
A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK
Vol. VII.—No. 159

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 18th JULY, 1891.

REGISTERED.
\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 31s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY " " 6d. 6d.



A GAME OF POLO AT HALIFAX, N.S.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

WESTERN OFFICE:
4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

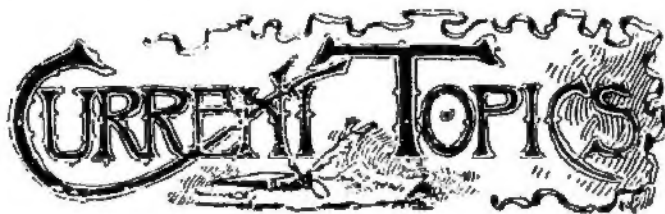
LONDON (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

18th JULY, 1891.



Fair Play for the Civil Service.

The sensational details wired daily from Ottawa of the evidence given before the two committees, "Public Accounts" and "Privileges and Elections," continue to absorb public attention, leaving little public interest in the doings of Parliament. It is only human nature—unrefined—that the frailties and shortcomings of others should prove of engrossing interest; and in the case of public servants, and with the aroma of political partisanship pervading the committee rooms, it is but natural that special excitement should attach to the disclosures made. While it is evident that an organized understanding—we will not say conspiracy—has existed for many years to disobey that clause of the Civil Service Act denying compensation to permanent employees for extra work, it is difficult to understand on what grounds so many journals condemn wholesale and without qualification the entire Service, from the ministers down to the last joined clerk. By the evidence submitted so far, no data exists for such sweeping imputations. Can it be that because one prominent and widely circulated party organ condemns all without stint—and also without proof—that the lesser lights re-echo the cries of horror without forming any opinions of their own, and without the slightest consideration for the body of men they are attacking? Give the Civil Service fair play; as a class they have no right to be condemned before trial, and on the sole ground of infraction of the law by a few of their number. Papers making such unqualified assaults on a respectable and representative class, markedly lower themselves in the act, and temporarily sink to the level of sheets such as *Reynolds' Newspaper*, *Modern Society*, and others whose existence depends solely on the slanderous and sensational attacks they make on people far their superior in every sense. Unproven charges of wholesale bribery and corruption, and sweeping statements of the utter rottenness of the whole body of departmental clerks, will not add one subscriber to a paper's list, and will scarcely increase

its reputation as a fair and honourable journal among impartial readers. When all are found guilty then show charity by denunciatory articles of a vivid blood-and-thunder type; but until then, give the accused fair play.

England and the German Emperor.

The brilliant pageantry and hearty welcome which has signalized the visit of the Emperor William to Great Britain has been the most remarkable event of the week, and will, we trust, be long remembered by both nations. While the stately ceremonies of the Sovereign and of her government towards their host were due by courtesy towards the Queen's grandson and the monarch of the greatest nation of the continent, the warm and enthusiastic welcome spontaneously given him by the English people was no less unexpected than important. Jealousy between the two peoples has often found vent in their leading journals, and been even more markedly shown in mercantile relations and keen competition both for position and trade. This last visit of the young Kaiser shows, however—if outward demonstration means anything—that the brilliant manner in which he has ruled his nation since his accession, working for peace while thoroughly prepared for war, and his earnest devotion to all practicable amelioration of the condition of his subjects, has won the English heart and sympathy. As members of the same race, and bound closely together by unalterable ties, the empires of Germany and Great Britain could if necessary together form such a union, as would ensure the peace of the continent of Europe. But the recent renewal of the Triple Alliance welds together such an enormous mass of fighting material as to practically preclude the possibility of any great war for the next six years, unless Russia and France made common cause against the Alliance, in which case it is possible that events might make it necessary for Great Britain to take an active share in the general *mêlée*. It is, however, extremely improbable that such an ill-starred and incongruous union between the Great Republic and the Great Autocracy could take place; such elements would not fuse. England is to-day in the not unenviable position of being recognisedly favourable to the league of the three Powers without being in the slightest degree compromised by their actions or bound to follow and aid them in any war that may arise; while with them she is not of them. The Emperor's visit and his reception will undoubtedly have the effect of drawing still closer the two nations, yet without hampering England's action, present or future; and the effect of three such powerful nations as Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, geographically dividing the continent, bound together by solemn treaty, and in close touch with an Empire possessing the greatest naval armament the world has yet seen, must have a most beneficial bearing on the peace of Europe for many years to come.

NOTE.

Prize Question Competition.

To accommodate many competitors who live at a great distance we have decided to extend the limit for replies until 31st August; any answers, therefore, received on or before that date will rank in the competition.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.
2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"
Montreal.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

- 31.—What artist is mentioned who studied portrait painting in Spain?
- 32.—Quote a criticism on American State Secretaries.
- 33.—Where is mention made of insects with strong jaws and healthy appetites?
- 34.—On what page is mentioned a lecture by Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal?
- 35.—Who commanded a regiment raised in Canada in 1796?
- 36.—Quote a reference to the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 156 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April, May and June.



POLO AT HALIFAX.

This fascinating and adventurous game is played, we believe, nowhere in Canada but Halifax, where the presence of military and naval men gives an impetus to all manly sport. The views on page 43 (for which we are indebted to Staff-Sergeant Pickering, R. E.) represent scenes at the opening match of the Halifax Polo Club, which was held on the 2nd June, at the Halifax Riding Ground before a large number of spectators. The players were:—

Blue.	White.
Lieut.-Col. Lea, D.A.A.G.	Major Hervey, R.A.
Major Mansel, A.M.S.	Major McDonnell, R.A.
Lieut. Stuart, R.A.	Capt. Jenkins, A.D.C.
Mr. C. Barry.	Lieut. Arthy, R.A.

The ball was struck off by Lieut. Stuart, and some very fast play followed, resulting in a tie, one goal being made on each side during the first twenty minutes.

On resuming play after the usual interval, neither side were able to obtain any definite advantage; a goal struck by the Blues was quickly equalized by one being gained by their opponents. In the result the match was declared a tie both sides scoring three goals each.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the band of the 1st Battalion, Leicestershire Regiment, performed a choice selection of music.

The interest shown at the match predicted a very good season for this fascinating but rather risky game.

THE EXPULSION OF JEWS FROM RUSSIA.

The veil of seclusion that so long enshrouded Russia and, especially, the acts of the Russian Government, has been to a great extent lifted by the restless energy of this century; and the civilized world has, in that short time, seen so much pitiless cruelty and oppression in the methods by which the power of the Czar is maintained, as to make one wonder, with shuddering horror, on the means that government employed in the days when railroads, telegraphs, and special correspondents existed not, and travellers were few and far between. Many of the most iniquitous features of the system are still retained, however, even in the face of the fierce light of modern research and of the condemnation of modern public opinion. Thanks to the energy of one heroic man, Mr. George Kennan, we know much of the horrors of Siberia, and the life long torture endured by the wretched victims of Russian cruelty and oppression. Of late the malevolence that seems inherent in its rulers has been directed into a new channel, the persecution and expulsion of the Hebrew race throughout the Russian empire.

We to-day reproduce from the *Illustrated London News* an engraving drawn from life by one of the special correspondents of that paper, showing the barbarous manner in which these unfortunate people, guilty of no crime but that of being Jews, are hustled like cattle into the railway carriages that are to take them beyond the confines of Russia. No less than five millions of unoffending persons have been thus forcibly expelled from their homes, and have been forced to sell their goods at whatever prices such would fetch, thus entailing great financial loss. They have been scattered all over Europe, while vast numbers have gone to Great Britain and to the United States. A terrible retribution will one day be visited on the country of the Czars for their long continued outrages on humanity.

SCENES ON THE RIDEAU.

Our readers will notice, on page 59, a couple of views of the picturesque scenery along the line of the Rideau River and Canal, connecting Kingston with Ottawa, the great work to which the latter city owes its inception. The trip between the two cities on the steamer which regularly plies is a very interesting one, and the fishing and shooting remarkably good, especially the former. Some fabulous stories are told of the catches obtained by enthusiastic anglers along the line of the canal.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS, GRAND MANAN.

One of the most picturesque islands of the Dominion is that of Grand Manan, which, although lying off the north-east coast of Maine, is Canadian territory and forms part of the county of Charlotte, N.B. It is about twenty miles long by five in width, with a deeply indented coast; it contains a population of about 3000, divided into five villages, and is connected with the mainland by a sub-marine cable. A

mail steamer also calls there twice a week, and carries during the season a large number of tourists and invalids to whom the bracing air on the island often proves highly beneficial. On the south-west head of the island loom up the great "Gull Cliffs," near which is the striking mass of rock known as the "Southern Cross," an engraving of which will be found in this issue. The cliffs are extremely precipitous, in fact almost perpendicular, and are about 300 feet in height; in many places it is almost impossible to get up or down except by means of wire ropes which are hung by the authorities for the assistance of any persons cast by storms upon that dangerous shore.

VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

A view of Victoria square in midsummer, when the trees are massed in foliage, is a beautiful representation of *rus-in-urbe*, the trim lawn and heavy trees being surrounded on all sides by warehouses and shops which cover no small part of the commercial enterprise of our citizens. The scene is a very charming one, and our artist has presented it in a picturesque manner. Victoria square is a marked instance of the rapid growth of Montreal in recent years. Not long ago it was the civic hay market, the buildings on the west were dwelling houses, while those on the right and north were not in existence. In a few years all has become changed; the dwelling houses have been converted into shops, the elegant building of the Young Men's Christian Association erected at the corner of Craig street, while massive warehouses have arisen along the eastern and northern faces of the square, which, from its position, bids fair to become, ere long, the central point for the business of this city.

A FIELD DAY AT BARRIEFIELD.

Barriefield, situated directly opposite Kingston, is noted chiefly for its military and naval associations; the Royal Military College, Fort Henry, Fort Frederick and other defensive works being in its immediate vicinity. As many of our readers are doubtless aware, a portion of the buildings now occupied by the Cadets of the Royal Military College formed originally the barracks for the men of the royal navy stationed at Kingston in the early part of this century. Barriefield is also the great camping ground for the different corps of militia comprised in No. 4 Military District, so ably commanded by Col. Von Straubenzie, and has been the scene of many reviews and field days, participated in not only by the militia just spoken of, but, in the good old days, by the Imperial troops stationed in the vicinity; and in later years by "A." and "B." Batteries, R.C.A., and the Cadets of the Military College.

THE LATE MAJOR J. R. FOSTER.

Our militia force suffered a serious loss recently in the removal by death of James Reid Foster, Major in 2nd Battalion, Queen's Own Rifles. He had been ill for some time from a severe attack of the prevalent influenza, but nothing serious was apprehended until the day before he died; on Saturday and Sunday he walked and drove out, but on the evening of the latter day a serious change suddenly came on and early on the following morning he breathed his last. Major Foster had always taken a prominent position in military matters in Toronto, joining the Queen's Own Rifles as a private when quite a boy, and had gradually worked his way up to his late position by assiduous attention to duty. He at all times showed an unusual fondness for military life and had serious thoughts of entering the army, but by the wish of his family he decided to remain in mercantile life. He graduated from the Military School and was thoroughly up in his drill, and always showed an unusual personal interest in all matters connected with military life. He was a brother of the late *litterateur*, Mr. W. A. Foster, Q.C., and his father was Mr. James Foster of the firm of James Foster & Son, one of the leading hardware houses in Toronto. Major Foster belonged to many civic organizations, including the Yacht Club, National Club and St. John's Masonic Lodge. He was unmarried; he leaves two sisters to mourn their loss. The funeral was a large and representative one. The pall-bearers were:—Col. Hamilton, Major Delamere, Capt. Mutton, all of the Q.O.R., and Messrs. Hugh Blain, R. H. Bores and Thos. Wahnsley. We extend our sincere sympathies to his family in the great loss they have sustained.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Until a few years ago little but hearsay was known of the horrors of exile life in Siberia and the gross barbarities practised on the unhappy convicts by the Russian Government. To an American, Mr. George Kennan, the world is indebted for a detailed description of the life of political exiles and the treatment to which they are daily subjected. From the publication of his book on the subject and the articles in the *Century* magazine the whole English-speaking world was

made aware of the nature of such barbarism; and expressions of indignation at the inhuman conduct of the officials of the Czar were heard on all sides. Mr. Kennan was born at Norwalk, Ohio, on Feb. 16th. 1845, and at an early age developed an extraordinary skill in telegraphy, being able to operate at six years of age. At twelve he became a regular operator, and during the next five years devoted himself closely to the study of his profession and of whatever general literature was available. In 1863 he was given a position in the Russian American Telegraph Exposition and spent the next two years in the wilds of eastern Siberia, studying the life of the wandering tribes who inhabit that country, and while experiencing many hardships, found much to interest and occupy him; during this period he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Russian language, which was of incalculable advantage to him in his later travels. He closely adhered to the plan of retaining his notes and sketches and consequently on his return to America he was well prepared to give to the world some knowledge of the matters of interest that had come under his observation. In 1870 he published his first book, "Tent Life in Siberia," and spent the following winter of that same year in solitary horseback journeying through Daghestan, meeting with extraordinary adventures, which tested his physical and mental powers to the utmost. In May, 1885, he was sent out by the Century Company to investigate the nature, operations and results of the political exile system in Siberia. Mr. G. A. Frost, a skilful artist, accompanied him. The results of this expedition have had a world wide fame, and have done more than all the previous literature on the subject put together, to show up the baneful system employed by Russia to degrade and punish subjects who have offended against her laws. It is a well known fact that whole pages of *The Century*, containing Mr. Kennan's article have been carefully obliterated by the Russian authorities before being permitted to enter that country, so determined are they on keeping their people in all possible ignorance of the fate of political offenders. Mr. Kennan is, or has recently been sojourning on Canadian soil, having spent several months at Baddeck, Cape Breton, a favourite summer resort of his. We hope to have the pleasure of welcoming him to Montreal before long and of hearing another of his vividly interesting lectures.

SCENES AT HARDWAR, BRITISH INDIA.

By the kindness of a Canadian officer in the Royal Engineers, Lieut. P. du Perron Casgrain, we are able to present three views of scenes which strangely contrast with those to which we are familiar in every-day life on this continent. They represent phases of life peculiar to India, and were taken at the town of Hardwar during the great Fair, which is held every year at that place. Hardwar is situated at the foot of the Himalayas, where the river Ganges issues from that range of mountains. Thousands of Hindoos from all parts of India congregate at this spot during the month of March, to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, which are supposed to possess the property of washing away their sins and of curing them of divers ailments.

The first view represent the bathing ghat. It is one of the most picturesque sights in India. Some devout Hindoos carry the ashes of their cremated relatives hundreds of miles for the purpose of consigning them to the Ganges at this spot, which is held to be most sacred.

The second is another view of the ghat, shewing some ancient temples, which have stood the ravages of time for centuries.

The third engraving shews a street in the Bazaar, where most of the "fakirs," or devotees, live. A few of them may be seen at their devotions.

Canadian Humor Wanted.

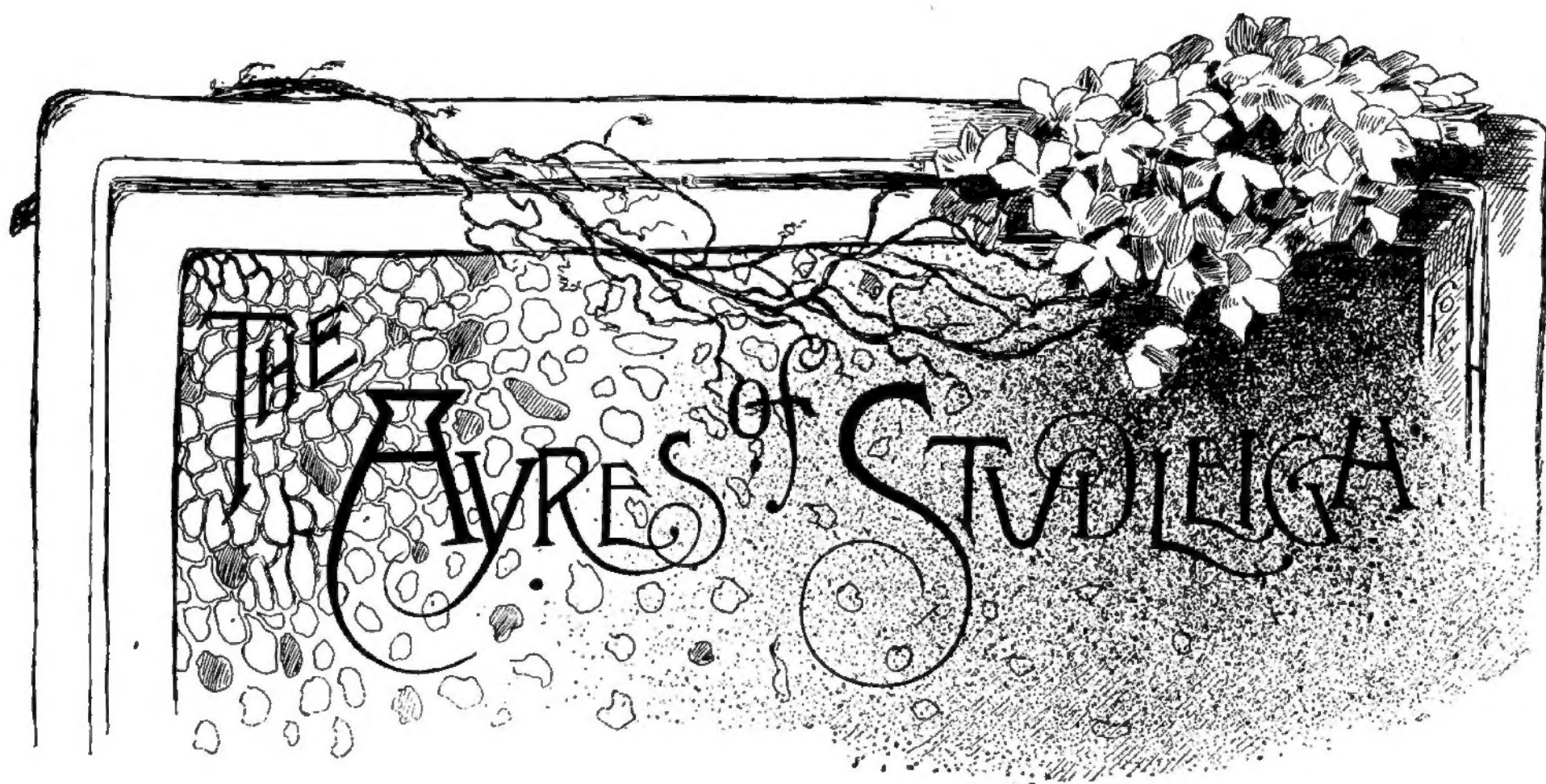
The British publishing firm of Walter Scott, of London, England, is arranging for a volume of Canadian humorous verse. The editor will be James Barr, an able writer who hailed originally from Ontario, but has, with his brother, the "Luke Sharp" of the *Detroit Free Press*, been on the staff of the latter paper, and is its correspondent in England. Mr. Barr may be remembered for his fine poem on Isabella Valancey Crawford, published some time ago, and is the editor of the *Canterbury Poets* volume of American humorous verse. He is anxious that the Dominion should make a good showing and believes it can do so. In his own words, "I would like it as widely known as possible that such a book is in preparation, so that every soul who thinks he or she has written anything funny, or thinks he, she or it knows anything about anyone who has written humour may send me all information possible. The critics in this country will pick up a volume labelled "Canada's Humour" with a rather cynical air I think, and we simply must have something really good. Once have it admitted that a fair book of Canadian humor has been compiled and Canadian literature will go one notch higher in the estimation of this reading public."

W. D. LIGHTHALL.



„Not dreaming that even while they were speaking he lay dead, with his face upturned to the leaden sky.”—(See page 55.)

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Next morning there were sad hearts left at Winterdyne and Stonecroft when the young soldiers went away. Lord Winterdyne and Norman accompanied them to Portsmouth, and watched the transport ship leave. It carried a regiment of five hundred men, with officers and servants, and was the first instalment of the reinforcements for which the Commissioner of Natal had asked. The parting, though sorrowful, was not haunted by much serious misgiving, the outbreak at the Cape not being considered in the light of a serious war. It is difficult for those at home to realize that when we have carried civilization and peaceful pursuits into our colonies, we have also not failed to teach the natives of each new country the art of war. Clement Ayre was in wild, exultant spirits, as well he might be with such prospects as he had in view. The love of a high-born, well-dowered, and gentle girl, and an opportunity almost within his reach of proving himself worthy of her, were calculated to rouse his highest enthusiasm. As Raybourne and he paced the deck of the troopship day after day, as she sped towards the haven where her arrival was so ardently looked for, Clement's talk was more of the dangers and battles he hoped to share with his comrades than of the dear ones he had left behind. Harry, on the contrary, seldom spoke of them, but showed in his absent, preoccupied demeanour that his thoughts were more of home.

"I don't understand you, Harry," Clem said to him one day, as they lounged together with their pipes under the awning on the deck. "If I didn't know what stuff you were made of, I should say you were inclined to show the white feather. Do you regret having volunteered to go where glory waits you?"

Raybourne laughed.

"It isn't that, but I tell you what it is, Clem, I feel a trifle queer about the whole business. I believe it's going to be a serious affair for me. I can't tell why."

Clement laughed loud and long.

"You've got the blues, Hal, and are home-sick. I confess I feel a bit that way myself, only I don't give way to it. Cheer up, man—ten to one we are back in England for Easter."

"I hope so. This voyaging is a confoundedly slow business, anyhow," said Raybourne, raising himself and looking somewhat wearily across the

wide expanse of the ocean shimmering in the hot glare of the sun. "Do you know what I wish? That I had married before we left."

Clem looked at him in open-eyed wonder.

"You want to knock things off without delay, and no mistake," he said, comically. "It's a pity you didn't think of it—who knows but that Evy might have consented? You never know what girls *will* do. But, why do you wish that, old fellow? Don't you see we can both do the deed together in old Peploe's Church. We mustn't part company on such an eventful occasion."

"No, certainly not, Old Peploe," said Raybourne abstractedly. "Oh, no, certainly not."

Clement took his pipe from his mouth, and reaching out his long right arm gave his friend a vigorous shake.

"I sav, Harry, are you well enough? What do you mean? Shall I get Hetheridge to prescribe a dose of paregoric?"

"I was just thinking that it would have made it all right for Evelyn, supposing Peploe had only read the service over us that morning we left for Plymouth," Raybourne went on. "You see she would be Lady Raybourne, with her own jointure, which nobody could touch."

Clement put out his pipe, and laid it down on the deck. There was a queer lump in his throat and a sort of sickness in his heart, which prevented him speaking for a moment.

"I'll punch your head, Harry, upon my word I will," he said, at length. "It is paregoric you want, and castor-oil, and—and the whole medicine chest poured into you. I'm positive it's your liver; but I'll go and ask Hetheridge this minute."

"You needn't bother; you know as well as I do that I'm all right," said Harry, lazily, as he folded his hands above his head. "There's nothing out of the way in what I am saying. It may be a very remote contingency, but still it *might* happen, Clem, that one, perhaps both of us, might leave our bones to whiten in Zululand. Yes, I wish I had done it. I suppose a fellow couldn't be married by proxy."

Clem never spoke, but got up and walked away. He felt genuinely uncomfortable, miserable even; there was something in all this which sounded too real and serious; he had not a fear for himself; but as he pictured what it would be if he returned home alone, he felt as if a cold stream were pouring over him.

"If you feel like that, Harry, I wish you'd go back in this old tub on her return voyage," he said, when he sauntered back again. "I really wish you would, old fellow. You've made me awfully uncomfortable."

"I'm sorry for that, though I don't see I said anything out of the way. Come back alone in this thing, did you say? Not if I know it. You needn't think that it's the assegais I'm afraid of. It isn't that. But I wish I had thought of Evelyn sooner. You see we were both just letting things drift along, weren't we, until this marching order brought us all to our senses?"

"I wish you wouldn't bother about Evelyn, Harry," said Clem, speaking in earnest too. "In that way, I mean. Even supposing, even supposing—no, hang it, I won't suppose anything, except that we shall go home triumphantly with medals on our breasts. But what I meant to say was that Evelyn will be very well off suppose she never married anybody. My mother is not exactly a poor woman; and, of course, if I fall the place goes to Evy."

"Perhaps there would have been a selfishness; yes, it would have been selfish to ask her to take my name. You see, after a while she might want to marry someone else, and that would be awkward, wouldn't it? Yes, it was better to leave her free."

It was a long time before Clement Ayre got rid of the uncomfortable feeling these words produced in his mind. Even after the excitement of the march to the seat of war they often recurred to him, with the same vague feeling of dread.

In twenty-one days the Tamar was touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and three days later sailed for Durban Harbour, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people, to whom the arrival of substantial aid from England, earnest of more to come, was like the very shining of the sun. They lived in a state of fearful dread and uncertainty, knowing against what fearful odds the brave little British army had to fight, and fearful lest the dawn of any new day might witness the triumphal descent of a horde of victorious savages upon the hated and helpless Europeans.

The march to the Zulu border was begun at once. It was beset with difficulties, for heavy rains had set in, resulting in the flooding of the rivers and swamps, which rendered progress, especially of the wagons, very slow and tedious. That march was a strange revelation, not only to our two young soldiers, but to all who had hitherto regarded the war in Zululand as mere child's play. It was a wild and difficult country to traverse, devoid of roads, except the occasional deep tracks made by the traders' wagons. High mountains, inter-

sected by deep ravines, in which the undergrowth was so thick that it provided splendid hiding for the enemy, while the bush itself, seemingly impenetrable to the unaccustomed eye, lent itself as a natural fortress to the children of the wilderness, who had been reared in its midst.

Towards sunset, on a hot, stifling day, Clement Ayre and his friend were riding a little in advance of their company, in the direction of the broad river Tugela, which separated the hostile country of the Zulus from Natal, which they threatened to invade and annihilate. It had been a very hot day, and now heavy masses of copper-coloured clouds hung on the horizon when the blood-red sun was slowly sinking out of sight. During the past four and twenty hours no sign of the enemy could be seen, not even a stray Zulu lurking in the bush, consequently the order of vigilance had been slightly relaxed, and the troops were allowed to move slowly, and in what order they pleased. It had been a long and toilsome march, and the soldiers were very weary, and looking forward with some degree of impatience to be allowed to light their camp fires and rest for the night.

The Colonel in command, however, decided that the river must first be crossed. The two friends were riding a little in advance, as I said, and on the brow of a gentle hill they paused and looked back. It was a picturesque sight, the large, well-equipped regiments in their bright uniforms, the glittering trappings of the cavalry, and the long, straggling line of transport wagons with their patient oxen. The landscape itself, seen from that slight eminence, was not without its wild and rugged attractions. The green thickets of the bush, relieved by many strange flowers of novel shape and gaudy hue, the thorny spikes of the giant cactus, the graceful aloe and mimosa, and the swift-rushing river with its woody banks, all combined to make a picture new and pleasing to their unaccustomed eyes.

"It's rather a pretty country, isn't it, Clem?" said Raybourne, carelessly.

"Blastly country for soldiering, I think," retorted Clem, as his horse sent his foreleg into a broken, swampy hole. "Just look at that long string of heavy wagons, and then forward to the ground we've to go over. I'll tell you what, Harry, if there's no other means of transport for supplies, Cetewayo will easily keep the advantage he has got. It's a serious matter fighting a savage enemy in his own country."

"It's rather exciting, though; one never knows what is to happen next," said Raybourne, with a smile. "It's amusing to see how these black Zulus pop out of the scrub and then disappear, goodness knows where. I suppose they are their scouts and spies; ugly fellows they are, too."

"You're right. Glyn seems to think that we might have a brush with them to-morrow. The enemy isn't far ahead, and they say he is 20,000 strong."

Once more Raybourne glanced back at the troops toiling wearily on, and a slight shadow crossed his face.

"I don't presume to set up an opinion, Clem, but don't you think we're not just exactly too fit to receive 20,000 in the way we should like? We are only a few hundreds. It would be a good thing to us if we could come up with the other columns before we fight."

"Oh, well, they are not very far away. It wouldn't be difficult to send messages to the camp at Ekowe, and I heard the Colonel say this morning that Lord Chelmsford could only be about ten miles in advance."

"Don't you remember, Clem, how persistently we were taught concentration in our plans of campaign at Sandhurst? A handful of infantry, and a few scores of cavalry scattered here and there over a treacherous country like this haven't a chance to boast of; that's what I think."

"Cadets fresh from Sandhurst usually think their newly-gotten wisdom as good as the experience of their elders," said Clem, with a laugh. "I'm quoting Glyn. I said something of the same kind to him yesterday, and he let me down gently. All we have got to do is to shut up, Harry, and do what we are bid. Supposing, now, that you were

the commander, what would you do? Let me hear how you would proceed."

"Well, I'd find out immediately, by fair means or foul, exactly where the enemy is, and what he is good or bad for. Then I would gather my whole force together; send a column to watch the river, and prevent any of the enemy crossing; keep another in reserve to harass him in the rear; and march upon him till I forced him to fight in open field."

"You cannot force savages into fair warfare; that's where the difficulty lies," said Clem, musingly. "Their cunning teaches them that in their native fastnesses their strength lies. They'll pour out upon us from some confounded ravine, perhaps some night when we are in camp and disarmed. Besides, they're well armed. Doesn't it seem an awful thing to you, Harry, that the Zulus should have been provided with the implements of war by ourselves?"

"Is that the case?"

"Yes, I had a long talk with Chard the other day, before we left him at Rorke's Drift. It seems that after the diamonds were found in the South, native labour was employed, and paid for, at their own request, in guns and rifles. Why, man, the thing carried its own meaning on the face of it. It was awful folly, perfect madness on the part of the Government to allow it—literally signing their own death-warrant."

"It was certainly a want of sense, if it's true."

"It's as true as Gospel. How else could they be so well armed? I tell you there was a gun factory at Kimberley, and the Kaffirs began the system of working for firearms and ammunition, and, of course it soon spread from the Colony into Zululand. We have no means of knowing what reserve stores they have, but they must be enormous, Chard says, for the trade has been going on for years, under the sanction of the Government."

"I suppose they know how to use them, too?"

"Trust them; they'd soon find out. But I see we're going to call a halt, and I'm not sorry, for I'm both tired and hungry, and I don't want to see Cetewayo's sweet face for another twenty hours at least. What are you thinking of to make you look so sober, Harry?"

"Oh, not of much. Isn't it odd, though, Clem, that your first campaign should be so like that Indian business which cost your father his life?"

"It's more like his first campaign. He won his spurs in Abyssinia, you know."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ISANDHLWANA.

Early next morning an order was received from the Commander to march on to Isandhlwana, and on the mountain go into camp. The summit had been explored and found suitable for the purpose. The enemy was supposed to be in the near vicinity, although keeping hidden, his presence not betrayed even by a stray shot. This fact somewhat allayed the anxiety of the invaders, because they thought it proved that the numbers must have been greatly exaggerated. It seemed an impossibility that so vast a force could be successfully and so completely hidden, even though the wild nature of the country lent itself admirably to such manoeuvres. The camp at Isandhlwana was situated on a mountain, which commanded an unbroken view of the surrounding country, and whose weakest point for attack was a narrow neck on the western side, crossed by a wagon road. So complete was their ignorance of the enemy's movements, that immediately the camp was struck the column was divided, and a part under Colonel Glyn advanced to assist in attacking a place called Matyana's Stronghold, where the Zulus were supposed to be entrenched.

The utmost activity prevailed in the camp, and the troops being infected by the apparent unconcern of their officers, were glad to rest and amuse themselves after the toils of the march across the broken and swampy ground on the Zululand side of the river Tugela. About nine o'clock a scouting party was sent out to scour the adjacent country in search of the enemy, and returned before the dinner hour, reporting nothing in sight. The whole company settled themselves to wait in a state of readiness, however, expecting an hourly order to advance to the assistance of the Com-

mander, whom they supposed to be in action with the enemy about twelve miles distant. Clement Ayre, with some other ardent spirits, was chafing at the inaction of the day, and impatient for the order to advance, little dreaming that it was reserved for them to contend against the whole body of the Zulus. The day passed quietly by, and the dull, heavy night fell without giving warning of the awful tragedy the dawn of another day was destined to witness.

"I say, Clem, are you asleep?" Raybourne whispered, leaning over his comrade in the dead of night.

Yes, Clem was sound asleep, with his arm under his head, and his face upturned to the lowering sky. Raybourne sat up, and leaning his elbows on his knees, let his head drop on his hands, and gave himself up to thoughts of home. He was strangely wakeful, every sense seemed sharpened to its keenest capacity—he could hear the soft, cautious tread of the farthest outpost as he moved to and fro to keep himself from feeling drowsy. As a rule, Raybourne was of a solid, even temperament, not given to excitement or freaks of imagination, yet for many days past his usually calm mind has been filled with strange forebodings, which he could not understand. Although they were on the eve of an engagement with a vast and savage army, he was not visited by fear of personal consequences, nor any wish to draw back. He did feel, however, that this campaign was to have important issues for him; again and again he passionately regretted having left England without making Evelyn Ayre his wife. His thoughts in that strange, solemn, midnight stillness were wholly of her and of home. Perhaps his was not a very brilliant intellect; perhaps he had disappointed the proud hopes with which his father and mother had welcomed his birth, but he was a good, honest, true-hearted soul, who, at four-and-twenty could look back upon the white page of an unblemished youth, of which there was nothing of which he, or any belonging to him had need to be ashamed. How many of the hot and restless hearts slumbering under the midnight stars on that African mountain side could have said as much? After a time he forgot his surroundings, the measured tread of the sentries and the pawing of the horses seemed to die away, and he saw only the sweet landscapes of his English home, and the dear faces of those he loved. And then came to Harry Raybourne a sudden, swift intuition, which told him that the very nearness to him, the vividness of his vision, signified that they and he should meet on earth no more. It was a strange experience, a vague uncertainty suddenly becoming a certainty in his mind, and the strangest part of it all was that he felt no inclination to rebel, but a deep sense of peace and calmness, just as if all difficulties and anxieties had come to an end. So while an anxious mother was lying awake in her bed at home, the boy for whom she was praying bowed his head and prayed too, the first time, perhaps, in his short, merry, uneventful life that Raybourne prayed in real earnest, because it was the first and only time he had need of prayer. Then he lay down beside Clement in the tent, and slept till the reveille sounded at daybreak. And almost immediately a mounted messenger rode in hot haste into the camp with the intelligence that the enemy was within a few miles, and advancing on the camp. This rumour was, however, disbelieved, and immediately after breakfast a forward movement was made by an officer and a detachment of native troops to investigate the cause of the alarm. Meanwhile, however, the camp held itself in readiness for attack, and each officer and man was busy seeing that their arms and ammunition were in order.

"I do believe, Clem, that on the whole it was wiser to leave Evelyn free," said Raybourne, as they sat together on a grey boulder attending to their rifles.

Clement stared at him in astonishment mingled with the concern which had never wholly left him since their talk on board the Tamar. His mind was so full of the stirring interest of the hour, on the *qui vive* for marching or fighting orders, that he could not understand what he thought Harry's

day-dreaming and home-sick fancies. And yet wao more manly or more sensible on all points than honest Harry Raybourne? Again that keen chill seemed to pierce Clem to the heart.

At that moment, however, the sound of firing in the distance caused them to leap to their feet, and in an instant every thought but the peril and excitement of imminent battle was banished. A detachment of mounted Basutos, under Colonel Durnford, had gone out to reconnoitre, and coming unexpectedly on a Zulu regiment had immediately opened fire; and it then became evident that the whole body of the enemy was present in overwhelming numbers, ready for action. When this message was brought into the impoverished, slender camp on Isandhlwana mountain, a feeling of utter dismay filled each heart, and made even the bravest quail.

"You were right, Harry; somebody's blundered here, just as somebody did at Balaklava," said Clement, as they hurriedly obeyed their Colonel's orders to prepare for instant action. "Well, old boy, our first taste of battle will be a bloody one. If we both fall it will go hard with them at home."

He rubbed his hand across his eyes, and under his moustache his firm lip trembled.

"Clem, I'll be done for. I've known it all along," said Raybourne, quietly. "If you should ever reach England, tell Evy I died with her name on my lips, and that I loved her to the last. But say to her, too, dear fellow, that if the time ever comes when she can marry somebody else, she must not let any memory of me stand between."

"Hush, hush, I can't bear it. I won't go home without you. Our bones can bleach together, as you said on board the Tamar. Here are the black fiends pouring forward! God bless you, Hal, good-bye."

They clasped hands a moment, the last clasp, and looked into each other's eyes. The next moment they parted, to meet no more on earth.

It seemed as if, for the moment, officers and men became demoralized, and no attempt whatever was made to strengthen the camp, or even to concentrate what slender force they possessed to meet the enemy. At length, however, a battalion was sent to the wagon road to intercept and check the rapidly advancing enemy. The sight which met the eyes of that battalion, as they set themselves in the order of battle, might well have filled them with dismay. The broken and undulating ground beyond the neck of the mountain was literally alive with Zulus, not scattered here and there in patches, but gathered in firm, solid masses, and advancing with a strange, determined steadiness, not in accordance with the usual methods of savage warfare. It might almost have seemed that the order of things was reversed, and that the discipline and careful concentration, thrown to the winds by the British, had been seized and taken advantage of by Cetewayo and his officers. Slowly, but with deadly surety, they crept round to surround the mountain and hem in the little camp. It was impossible to spare detachments to guard every approach, their efforts being chiefly required before the camp, which a large regiment of Zulus was trying to storm. Raybourne, on account of his intimate friendship with the Colonel who commanded the battalion guarding the wagon road, volunteered to go with him, and the last Clement saw of his friend was when he turned round at the bend of the hill, and gave him a parting wave. After that each had enough to do looking after himself.

"I wish, my boy, you would keep back rather," said the Colonel, riding up to Raybourne as they neared the road. "From what I can see our chances here are small. Ride back yet, you may escape by the river. If you want an errand I'll send a despatch by you to Rorke's Drift to warn Bromhead and Chard."

Raybourne shook his head. The excitement of battle was upon him, the thought of retreat hateful. Yet he was grateful for his Colonel's thoughtful consideration, and said so in an earnest word.

"Your father would expect me to keep you from certain death at least," was all the Colonel said as he rode away, and in ten minutes more the fight began. From the first it was a forlorn hope; for, although the Zulu firing was ill-directed and in-

effective in comparison with that of their opponents, still their immense numbers were bound to carry the day. They came pouring up the narrow neck and across the wagon road, which was already strewn with the dead, and throwing aside their guns and rifles used the familiar and deadly assegai in a fierce hand-to-hand conflict, which, however, could have but one ending. It was not "a fair fight on an open field," but simply wholesale butchery of brave men, who deserved a better fate. The battalion which had so nobly endeavoured to repulse the enemy's first advance was cut down to a man.

Meanwhile matters were but little better at the camp on the hill. The same lamentable want of cohesion was visible. Even a small force, if formed into an impenetrable mass, might have at least kept the camp until the General or other reinforcements came to their aid. But the companies were scattered about, and fell an easy prey to their victorious enemy. There was something gruesome in the strange silence with which the dark masses advanced, and in the deadly manner in which they literally hewed their way to the summit of the hill where the camp was situated. It was so different from the usual demonstrative and noisy fighting of savages that it appeared to help their success. But the moment they gave signs of retreating, and began to flee before them towards the river, their stolidity vanished, their pent up hatred and vindictiveness found vent in savage yells; and, throwing all military discipline to the winds, the naked hordes rushed on with their horrible assegais out in the air, and dealing death to every white man. Scarcely a soldier of the infantry escaped. It would not have fared much better with the mounted men had they not been quick to take advantage of a slight disjunction in the enemy's lines, which enabled them to gallop across the open space and reach the Tugela river, to the very banks of which they were pursued, some, indeed, being killed on the way. The



GEORGE KENNAN, The Explorer of Siberia.
(See page 51.)

Zulu firing was so badly aimed that they were enabled to ford it, and gain safety on the other side. Then they drew breath, and that melancholy hand-ful stood still a moment and looked at the devastated camp and the hillside reeking with the slain.

"Not a man rose who went to the wagon road with the 24th," said one, as he wiped the bloody sweat from his brow. "They must have been cut down to a man. God knows somebody is to blame for this morning's work."

"Did any of you see Raybourne?" Clement Ayre asked, in a low voice, which had a ring of hopelessness in it.

"Not since he went off with the 24th. I expect he'll be lying among the rest yonder. Where are you going, Ayre?"

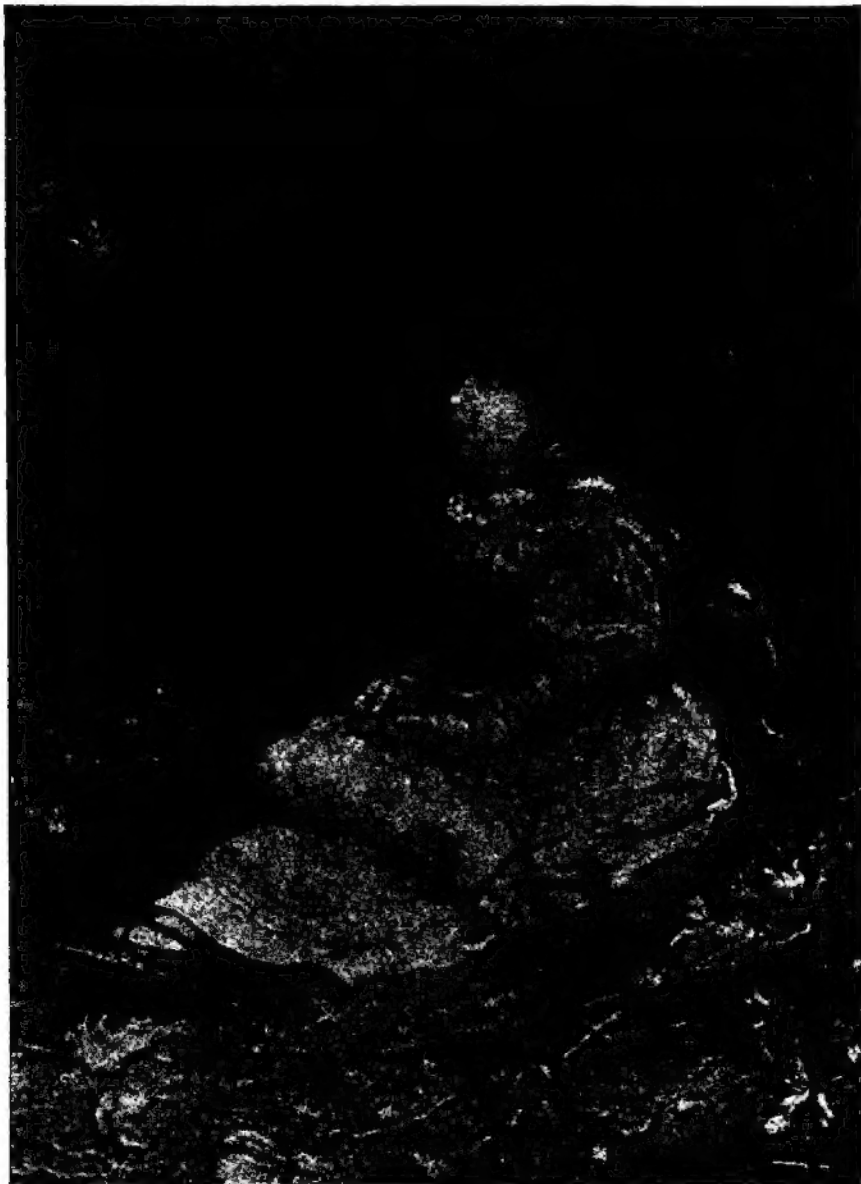
"Off to Rorke's Drift to warn them there. We can't forget that only one camp remains between yon victorious horde and the Colony. It must be held at any cost," he answered, and giving spurs to his horse rode rapidly away.

"Brave young fellow that; more forethought than some of them in higher places," said the man who had first spoken.

"Ay, he comes of a good stock. His father was killed at Delhi in the mutiny keeping the gate against awful odds. I've heard my uncle tell the story. Ayre will be right sorry if that chum of his is killed. Engaged to his sister, they say. But, I say, we'd better get out of this!"

Ay, poor Raybourne! In a stately English home, round a happy breakfast table, they spoke his name that morning in accents of love and hopeful pride, not dreaming that even while they were speaking he lay dead, with his face upturned to the leaden sky, and an assegai thrust through his honest heart.

(To be continued.)



MEDITATION.

Imperial Federation.

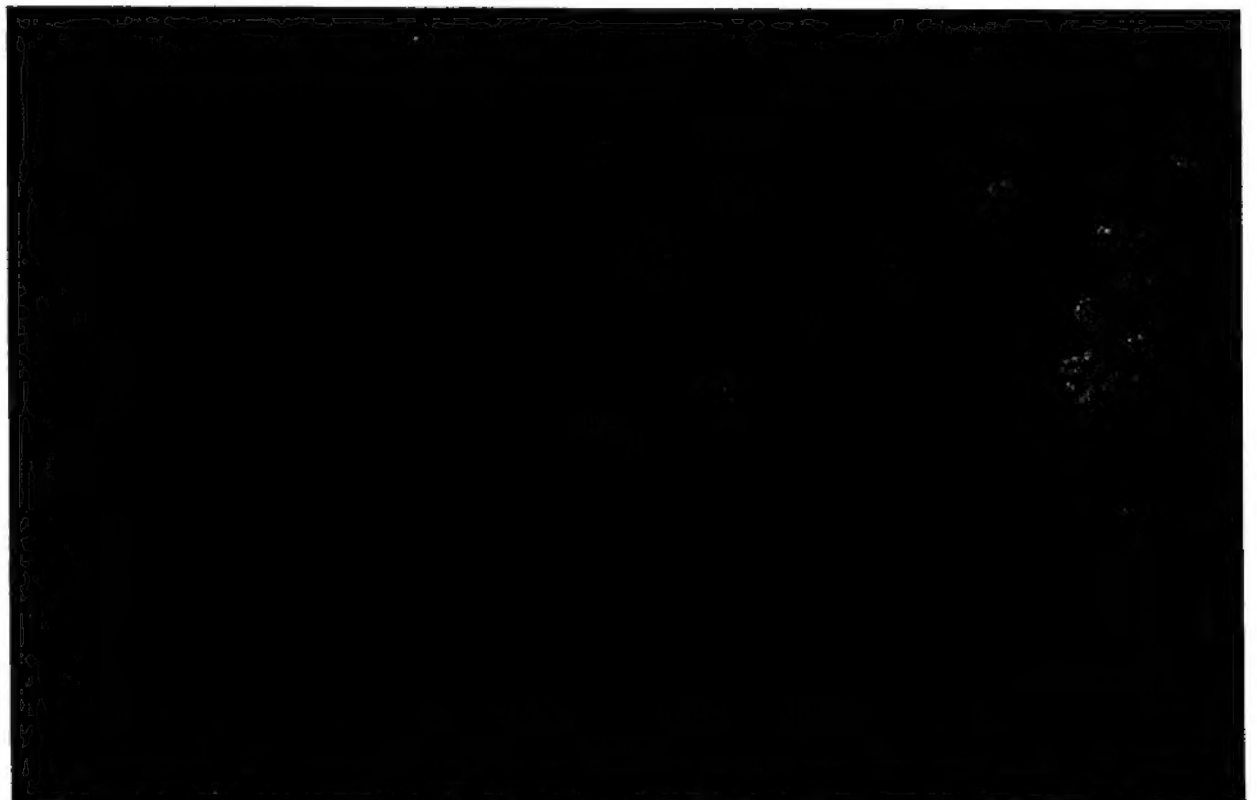


HERE can be no doubt that the complete pacification of Ireland and the allowance of safe but extensive home rule institutions are within the scope of Lord Salisbury's plans of government. It is now as clear as day to outsiders, and Lord Salisbury himself has unreservedly admitted that the British Empire is on the verge of a magnificent transformation into an Imperial Federation. The people of Great Britain and Ireland cannot expect much longer to govern and direct the destinies of Anglo-Saxon peoples in America, Australia and Africa. Those peoples have outgrown the age of colonial minority. Although they have not outgrown their traditional loyalty to the mother country, they are like grown up children, who honor and revere their parents, but feel, nevertheless, that the time for parental guardianship is past. When children have outgrown childhood it is wisdom in their parents to admit the fact; and when colonies have outgrown the period of colonial tutelage, the mother country, if it wishes to retain them permanently, must admit them to a fair share in the direction of their common business.

Lord Salisbury recently received a deputation of the members of "The Imperial Federation League," an association which, only a year or two ago, was decried as a society of doctrinaires and visionaries. It is not so regarded now. The prime minister avowed his sympathy with the objects which were represented by the deputation. He admitted that the question at issue is nothing less than that of the future of the British Empire. He acknowledged that various causes have concurred to produce a feeling of unrest in several of the colonies, and he added that a large part of the foreign complications of the home government, and many of the dangers which are hardest to avoid, arise from the colonial connections of the country. In response to the suggestion of the deputation that a conference of delegates from the self-governing colonies should be called to consider the best method by which they might be enabled to partake in the common responsibilities of a united empire, Lord Salisbury pointed out the peculiar difficulties which would have to be surmounted in order to construct a federal empire on the general plan of the United States. With the instinctive prudence of a British statesman he declined to allow the

fundamental constitution of the empire to be made the subject of vague discussions. He observed that he could not summon a meeting of colonial statesmen until some definite scheme should be ready to be submitted to them; but the whole effect of the conference, if expressed in parliamentary language, would be this, that Lord Salisbury, in behalf of the home government, distinctly admitted and asserted the principle of imperial federation, leaving the bill by which it shall become a part of the constitution to be prepared at an early day.

Never since 1689 has a more momentous announcement been made by any English minister. It promises the grandest experiment in government that the world has ever seen; and to the success of that experiment it is indispensable that, not only in Ireland, but everywhere, there shall be the utmost concession of home rule that can be made consistent with imperial unity.—*From The Churchman, New York.*



IDIOT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.
(From the painting by Boughton.)

The Price Monument at Chicoutimi, P.Q.

We are indebted to J. M. LeMoine, the author of *Maple Leaves*, for the following particulars of this monument. "On the 24th June, 1882—that is, on the great national festival of French Canada—there was a greater display than usual of maple leaves and tri-colour flags, in the rising town of Chicoutimi, at the head of the Saguenay river. A committee composed of the leading citizens, presided over by the High Sheriff, Ovide Bosse, Esq., had made great preparations to inaugurate with oratory and a public procession, the above monument—previously erected to William Evan Price, a most esteemed member of a wealthy family—endeared to the whole Saguenay district by lasting benefits, and respected by high and low. The name of the founder of the house, William Price,—the "King of the Saguenay"—as he has been styled, is likely to remain for many generations—gratefully remembered. I can recall, thirty years ago, the genial, aged gentleman telling me how for the first time he landed in Quebec in 1810—a mere youth—"the very week," he said, "when Lieut.-Col. Henry Caldwell, Deputy Quarter-Master-General to General James Wolfe—the hero of the Plains of Abraham—closed his long career."

The Price monument, a conspicuous landmark, is dear to the Chicoutimi residents, albeit the majority differ in race, religion and traditions from those whose names are commemorated on this tablet.

On three out of its four facades, is inscribed the name of one of the dead representatives of the Price family. William Price—his son William Evan Price—late M. P. P.—Hon. David Price, Senator. One vacancy still remains, for the name of Hon. Ivan John Price, the present Senator of the Saguenay Division,—may it long so remain! The monument is fifty feet high and bears the following inscriptions:

On one side,—

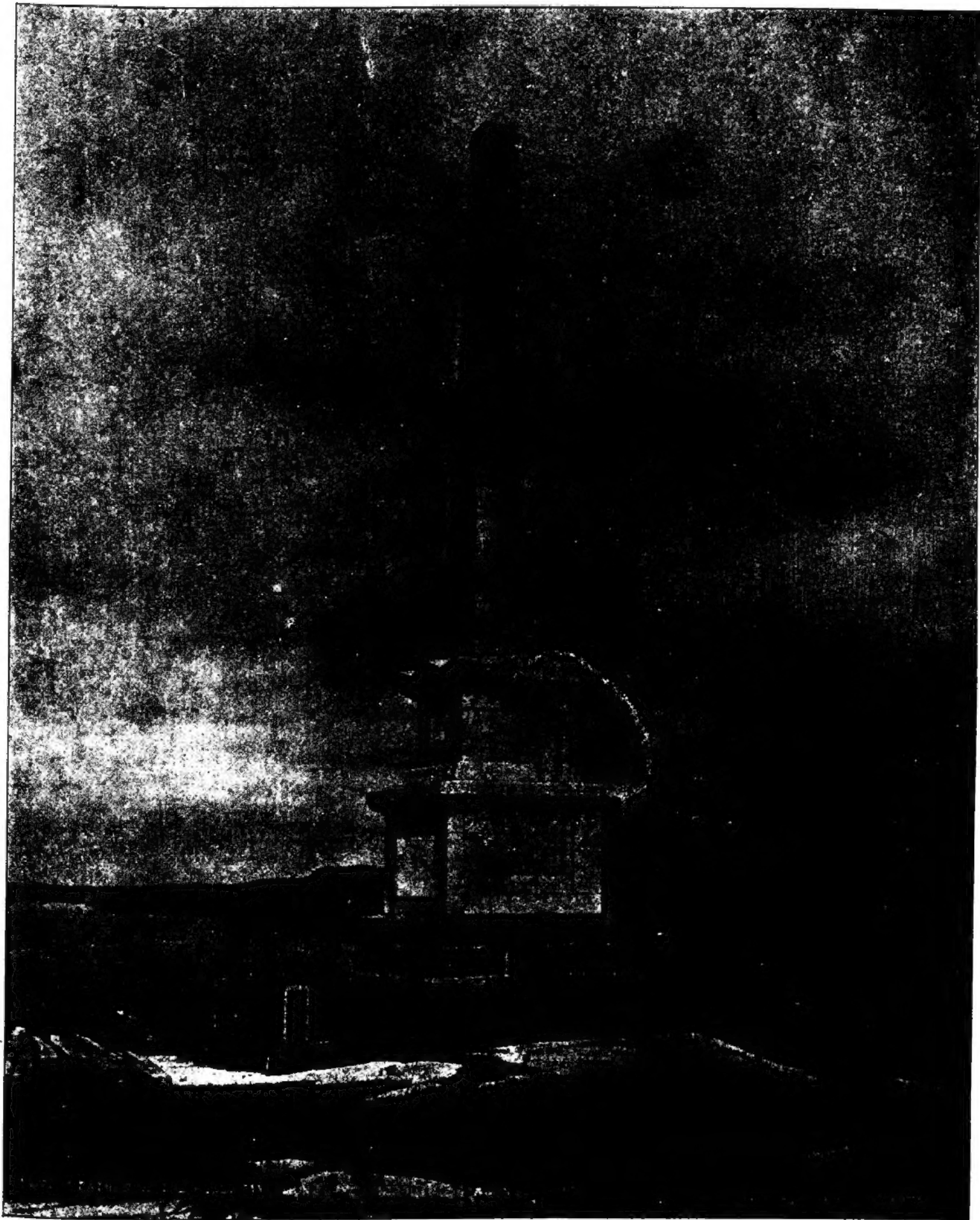
Erected by the inhabitants
of the
Counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay
and other sorrowing friends,
in memory of
WILLIAM EVAN PRICE, M. P. P.
Died in Quebec, 12th June, 1880,
aged 53 years.
In life—respected and beloved,
In death—lamented.

On another side,—

In memoriam,
WILLIAM PRICE,
Died in Quebec, 14th March, 1867,
aged 78 years.
"Le Pere du Saguenay."

On another facade,—

DAVID ED. PRICE
Died at Woolfeild—Quebec,
27th Aug., 1883—
aged 57.



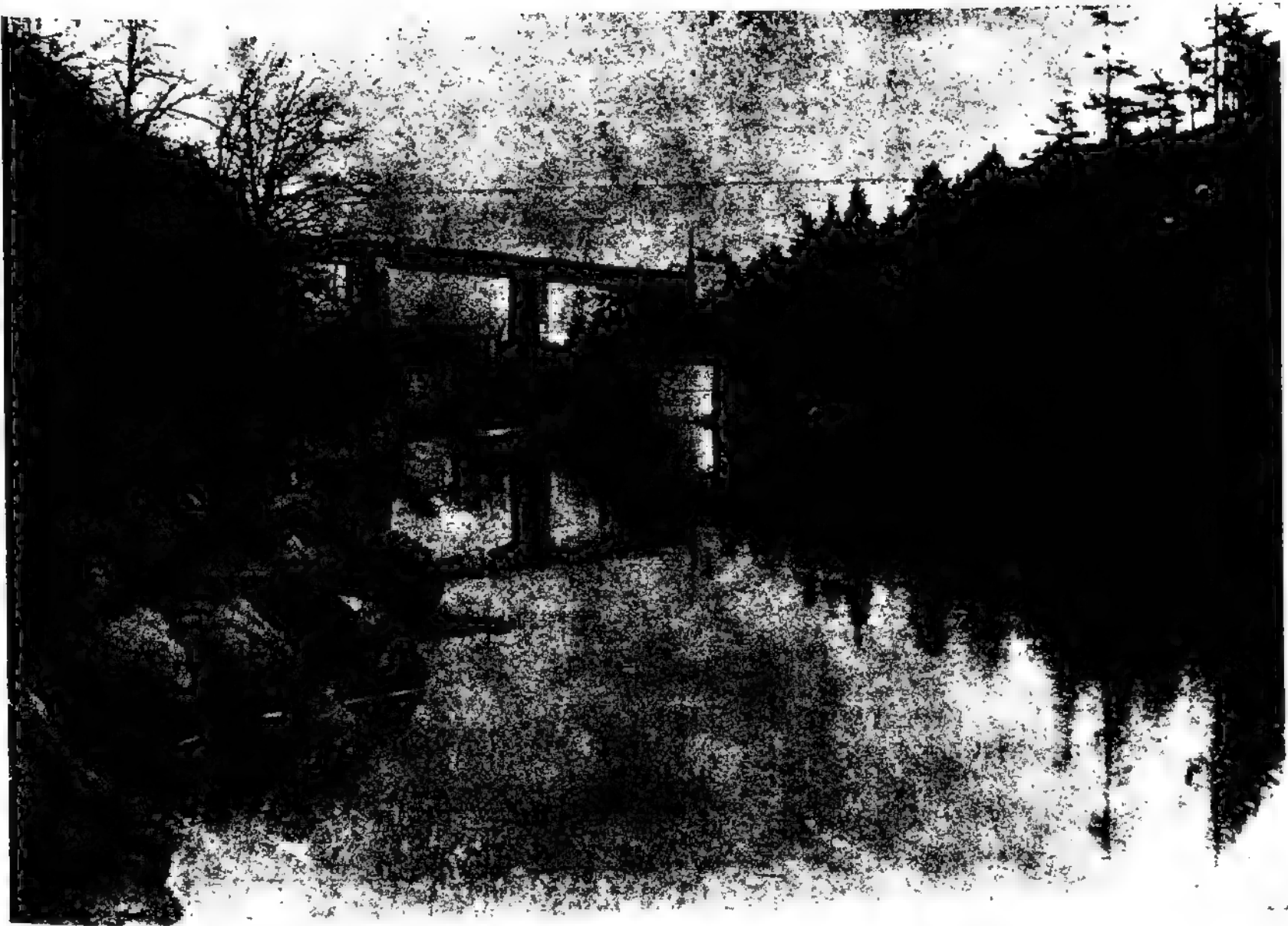
MONUMENT TO "THE FATHER OF THE SAGUENAY," CHICOUTIMI, P.Q.
(Messrs. Notman & Son, photo.)



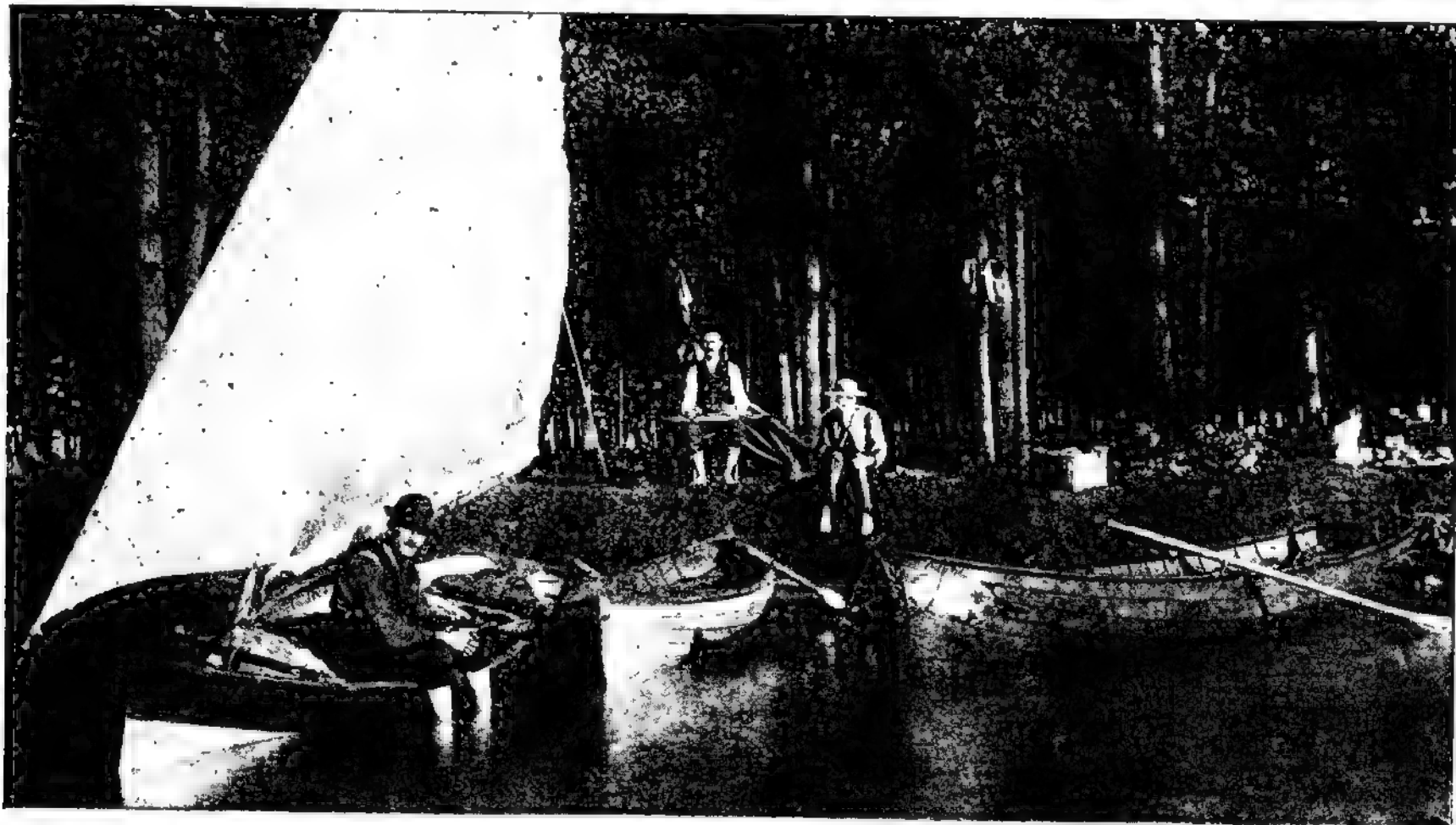
A REVIEW AT BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, ONT.



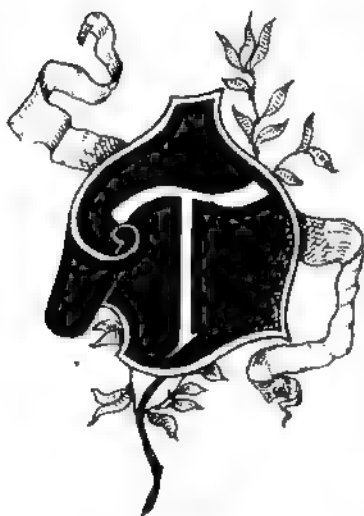
LOOKING TOWARD KINGSTON.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY BRIDGE.
SCENES ON THE RIDEAU.



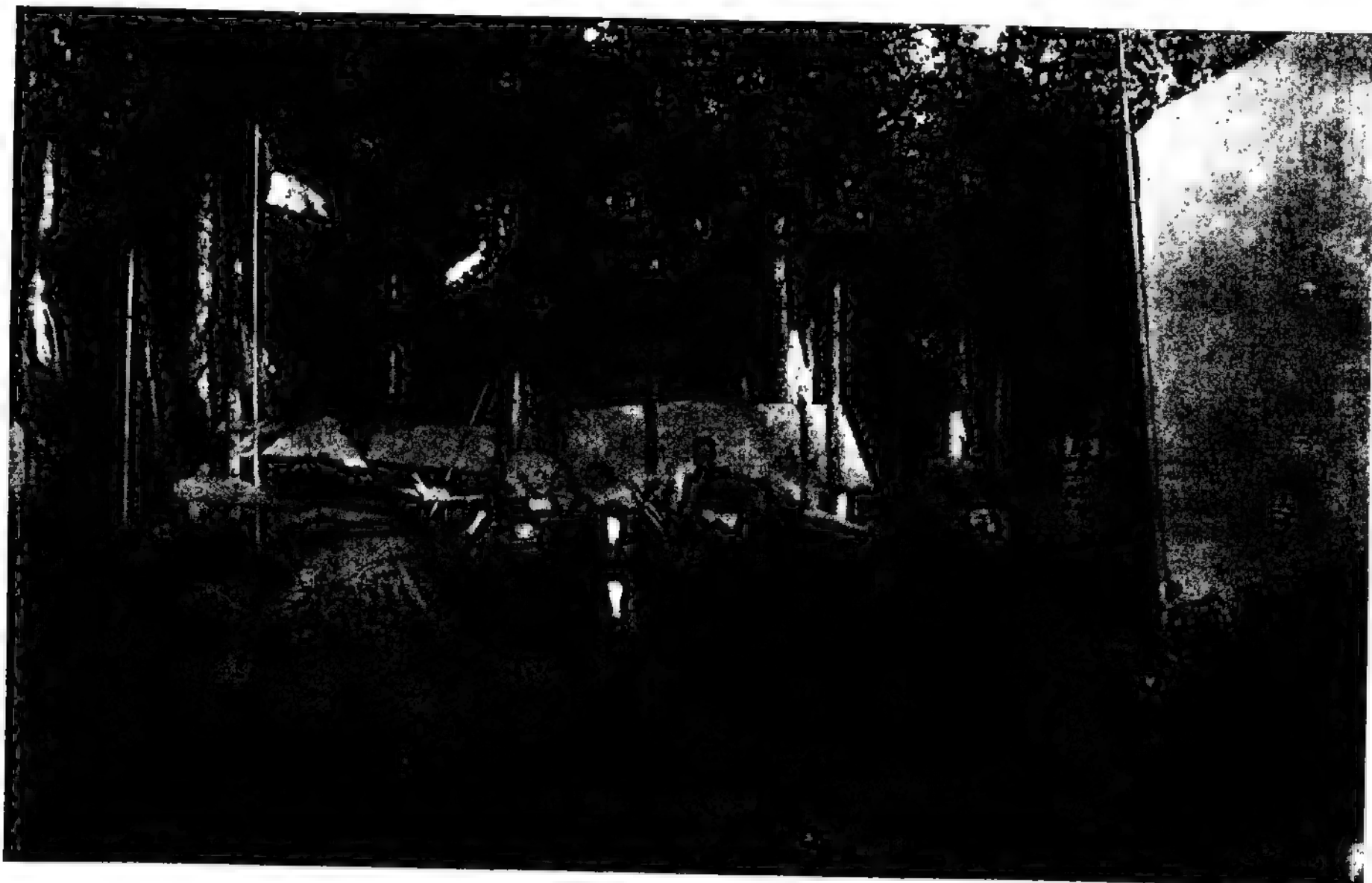
BY THE BLUE ST. CLAIR.



THE traveller who takes the Darius Cole, the Greyhound, or the Idlewild, all palatial side-wheelers, at Detroit, for a trip up to Port Huron, will be amazed, if he has never heard of the wondrous scenery along this route, at the surpassing beauty of the ever-changing panorama. Belle Isle is passed on the right, its lower end disfigured by artificial lakes, bizarre-patterned flower plots, and other so-called ornamental

effects by which the City of Detroit, with a well-meant, but ill-applied generosity, strove to improve the appearance of this lovely isle. Fortunately, the upper end was saved from this ruthless "ornamentation," and the effect is beautiful in its sylvan simplicity: the dark, heavy woods sloping gradually down to the water's edge, and the sharp promontory, with its frowning lighthouse, dividing the swiftly-flowing Detroit River. After an hour's run across Lake St. Clair, the fantastic-shaped club-houses, Rushmere, Star Island, Delta, and scores of others begin to loom up, are swiftly passed and disappear again. Walpole Island and the blue St. Clair River are soon reached, and this article proposes to deal more particularly with this river, and especially with the Canadian side. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED readers have all been charmed with the splendid views and articles on Canadian scenery that have adorned its pages, but whilst

this is true of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, the North West Territories, and most of Ontario, yet here is a river and surroundings that will yet become the favourite summer resort of America, away on the western fringe of Ontario, which has been quite neglected in these particulars. Walpole Island is peopled entirely by Indians—some of whom are reluctant to adopt civilization, and still retain their Pagan rites; but the Episcopalians and Methodists are doing a good work and fast bringing them into the Christian fold. This island during the summer season is a favourite retreat for picnickers, and a remarkable fact is that no dock is necessary to land, for large boats drawing nine or ten feet of water can run up to the shore, fasten their line to any convenient tree and push out their gangway to the land. The channel is not sloping; it literally "falls off," and the effect is, indeed, odd to see a side-wheeler, with seven hundred or eight hundred passengers, churning its way along under the shade of tall trees—an expert athlete could easily leap ashore from the deck. Port Lambton is the first Canadian village passed after leaving Walpole Island, and though this place,

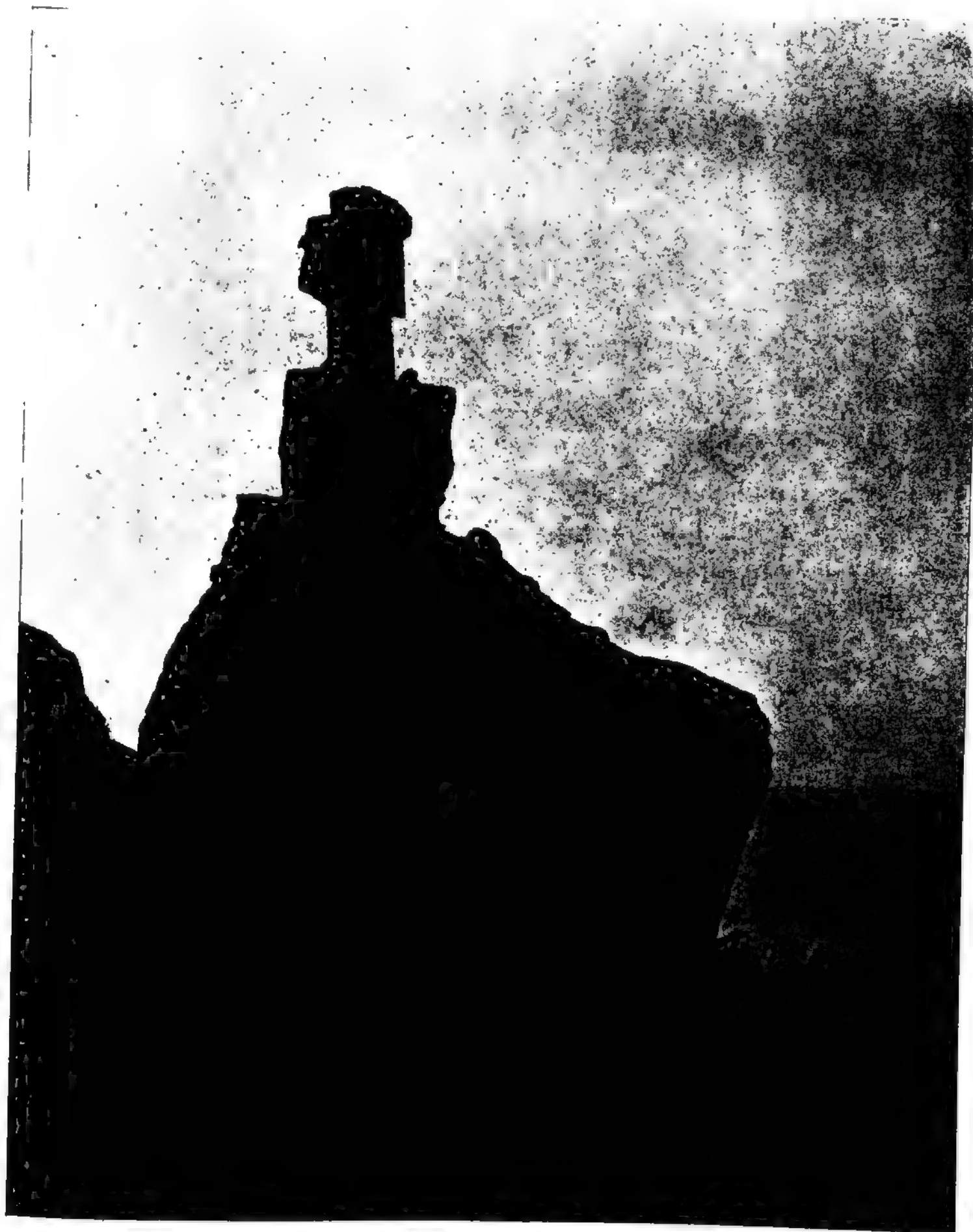


in common with all the river ports, felt the effects of the change when the boats began to burn coal instead of wood, yet it has recovered its lost prosperity, and last season a new summer hotel, the International, was built, capable of accommodating two hundred guests. The E. & H. Railway run weekly excursions to Port Lambton from Chatham, Dresden and Wallaceburg, and the American steamers for Detroit call there. The land along both sides of the river here, and also at Sombra, which is seven miles farther up, is low-lying, but very fertile, and the farms and farmhouses models of neatness. The river is here nearly a mile wide, with a current of three or four miles an hour; the water so clear that objects on the shore are clearly reflected like a huge mirror. After passing Faron Island, which has recently been purchased by a Detroit syndicate for summer residences, the river banks become higher and the scenery more picturesque, whilst the houses are so close as to give the impression of a continuous village. The early settlers here, like those along the St. Lawrence River, adopted the plan of having a narrow river frontage so that the houses would be near each other. This plan causes very long narrow farms, often running back from the river a mile and a half, but it adds to the beauty of the scene, dotted as it is with neat farmhouses nestling amid orchards snowy in June

with their blossoms. Courtright, the next Canadian village reached, is the terminus of the St. Clair branch M. C. Railway, and expects soon to have a tunnel, as this is the most direct line to Chicago and the west. This place is the most important of the Canadian ports between Sarnia and Windsor, and must in time be a rival of Sarnia. Situated directly opposite the celebrated Oakland mineral springs, it is fast becoming a popular summer resort, and visitors obtain all the medicinal value of the mineral baths without the excessive charges of the Oakland House on the American side. The village boasts two excellent hotels, with fine views of the river and its passing fleets. In this connection it may be stated that it is computed that forty thousand boats, counting the same boats each trip, passed up and down this noble river during the season of 1890, or more than five times the tonnage of the Suez Canal. It is no infrequent sight during the season of navigation to count twenty-five boats in sight passing swiftly up or down and invariably close in on the Canadian shore, as the channel is better than on the American side. It will easily be seen, then, that the visitor who comes from an inland town and finds himself in sight of a continent's traffic on this mighty highway is simply delighted, and it is no wonder then that the number who find their way to this favoured spot is increasing year by year.

During the season of 1890 the Canada Business College, of Chatham, brought their students to Courtright during the hot months of July and August, and enjoyed the cooling breezes, combining work and recreation, and they intend doing the same in 1891. A person standing on the dock at Courtright can discern through the haze up the river a heavily-wooded island, and if the morning be clear it stands out with startling distinctness—every tree outlined in the setting of sparkling water. A steam-barge with two or three tows will likely be seen coming around the head of the island on the Canadian side and perhaps a huge steamer threading its way on the other shore. This is Stag Island, by far the most beautiful of all the small islets that stud St. Clair River. It is a Canadian island, but is owned by an American—Mr. Mills, of Marysville, Michigan, nearly opposite. During the summer season scarcely a day passes that a picnic is not held here, and many private parties remain on the island during the entire season, camping out and enjoying the bathing and fishing—the southern end being the favourite place for pickerel, bass, etc. It is no idle prophecy to make that before twenty years this river will be studded by summer residences, their occupants brought hither by the natural attractions, which only require to be seen to be appreciated.

C. M. SINCLAIR.



THE SOUTHERN CROSS—GRAND MANAN, N.B.
(Mr. L. A. Allison, Amateur Photo.)



EXPULSION OF JEWS FROM ST PETERSBURG—SCENE AT THE BALTIC RAILWAY STATION.



Samela.

A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-HUNTER.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

(Continued from Page 29.)

taken a dislike to Gibbs. An old man with a good looking daughter is sure of attention and politeness on the part of a young man, but in this case the civilities seemed thrown away—there was little friendly response. Still Samela was always pleasant, and so Gibbs minded the less the somewhat brusque behaviour of the old collector of curiosities.

One afternoon the former, who had been fishing near the inn, went in there to get something he wanted, and on his way back overtook Samela, sauntering along with a large sketching-block under her arm.

"Will you come and draw a fight with a salmon, Miss Prendergast?" he asked. "There are a lot of fish up to-day, and I think I'm sure to get hold of one pretty quickly. I'm not a very elegant figure," he added, laughing as he looked at his waders; "but Archie is very smart, and at any rate, you will have a good background in the rocks on the other side."

Miss Prendergast said she was quite willing, and they went down to the pool. As a rule, when a lady comes near a salmon river and you want to show off your skill before her the fish sulk, and Gibbs was a rash man to give the undertaking he did. But fortune had hitherto been wonderfully kind to him, and did not desert him now. He had barely gone over half the water before up came a good fish and took him. For the next ten minutes he was kept pretty busy. The fish was a strong one and showed plenty of fight; but it was at last gaffed and laid on the bank, and the lady came down from the rock she had settled on to inspect it. She did not say, "Oh! how cruel to stick that horrid thing into it!" or, "How could you kill such a beautiful creature?" or, "I wish it had got away!" as some ladies would have done. On the contrary, she gave the salmon—a bright twelve-pounder—a little poke with her foot, and said she was very glad it had been captured. Then Gibbs went up to look at her sketch and was honestly amazed at it. We once had the privilege of watching Mr. Ruskin draw a swallow on a blackboard, half-a-dozen lines, and then you saw the bird flying at you out of a black sky. So it was here; there was no weak or wasted stroke; the strain on the rod, Archie's symmetrical figure, the more concealed elegance of the fisherman were shown, as the former said, to the life.

"Well," said Gibbs, staring at it, "I think it is lovely."

Its author looked at it with her head one side, as ladies often do look at their handiwork, and promised that when it was finished she would give it to him. Then she wrote down "dun" for the waders, and "grey" for the rocks, and "dark" where the water ran under the cliff, and a little "red" just in a line with the admiring Archie's nose, and went back to the inn. Gibbs fished out

the afternoon, but he thought more about the lady and less about the fish than he had done yet. He pondered a good deal, too, about the sketch, and racked his brains to think if there was any way in which he could make a nice return to Samela for it. She had declined to have anything to do with the fish, which he had at once offered to her, saying there was no one she particularly wished to send it to, or she might have been squared in that way. He might give her a book,—he remembered her saying, the first day they met, that she and her father had come up for the sale to get some remembrance of an old friend. Gibbs was pleased at this idea until he bethought him what book he should give her, and then he was puzzled. Of course, as a mere remembrance, Josephus, or "The Fairchild Family," or even a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica would do as well as another; but then—there would not be much generosity in handing one of those works over. Plainly the lady must be asked to choose for herself. Then Gibbs at once resolved that the quarto should be eliminated from the collection—the sketch would be purchased too dearly by its loss. As to any others, they must take their chance. On second thoughts, however, he concluded to conceal the works of Grimm—all the rest were to run the gauntlet of her pretty eyes.

A day or two passed before he was able to put his little scheme into execution. It will be easily understood—as has always been hinted—that a man on a salmon river is not—when the water is in good order—quite his own master. Business must be attended to before pleasure here as elsewhere. A start has to be made as soon after nine as possible, and if nothing untoward occurs, a certain pool should be reached at two for lunch. A rest of an hour is allowed here, but the angler would have good reason to be dissatisfied with himself if he did not devote the time between three and seven to steady fishing. This would take Gibbs to the end of his beat, and so far up it as to be back near the inn in time to change before dinner. But he was getting into a somewhat restless state—a little impatient of all such salutary regulations—and one fine day instead of beginning a mile above the inn he began opposite it—to Archie's great disapproval—and so timed himself as to be back there soon after four o'clock. He knew that Samela would be thereabouts—she had told him that it would take her a day to finish her sketch.

"Miss Prendergast," said Gibbs rather shyly, feeling as if his little manoeuvre was probably being seen through, "you said the night you came up that you wanted to have some little thing from the Stratham sale, and I thought, perhaps, you would like a book. I got a good many books there, and any that you would care to have you are most welcome to." There was something of a convention-



HE travellers' name was Prendergast.

They had evidently not intended to make a stay in Rossshire, having brought little with them, but in a few days a considerable addition to their baggage arrived. The old man seemed to be something of a naturalist. He wandered about the moors with a green tin-box kind of a knapsack on his back, but he said little about his captures, and Gibbs taking no interest in such pursuits never asked leave to see what was in it. He also wrote a good deal. The daughter, who rejoiced in the quaint and uncommon name of Samela, spent most of her time sketching; whenever it was fine she was out of doors, and even pretty damp weather did not discourage her if she was in the humour. Clad in a short, grey, homespun dress, shod with strong but shapely boots, with an immense umbrella over her head, she was able to defy the elements if they were not very unpropitious. She met Gibbs' little civilities frankly and pleasantly, but never seemed to look for them; he rarely saw her when he was on the river, and when they did by chance meet, a nod and a smile were often all that were vouchsafed to him. Gibbs was perhaps a sufficiently susceptible young man, but just now fishing was his object, and he had no leisure for flirting even if he had found any one willing to meet him half-way. But still at spare times he caught himself thinking about the lady more than he did about her father or the inn keeper, or any one else about the place. At lunch-time, and when smoking his evening pipe, sometimes even when changing a fly to give a pool another cast over, her fair image rose up before him. Dinner had hitherto been a somewhat comfortless meal, hastily consumed, with one eye on the Scotsman and the other on a mutton chop. But now he was sure of meeting one pleasant face at any rate, and he enjoyed relating his adventures on the river, and looking at Miss Samela's sketches afterwards. Her father was no acquisition to the party; he was generally in a bad temper, and he seemed for some reason to have

al falsehood in this statement: there were a good many books he would have been very sorry to see her walk off with.

Samela looked up in his face, and Gibbs was quite sure she was beautiful; Venus was her prototype after all, and not Juno; he had been a little puzzled as to which deity favoured her the most. "It is very good of you," she said, more warmly than she had spoken yet. "I should like to have something." "It was horrid of me not to have thought of it sooner," said Gibbs. "Well now, will you come in and choose for yourself? And may I tell them to take some tea into my room? I am sure you must want some after your long day here." This second invitation was quite an after-thought, given on the spur of the moment, and he hardly thought it would be accepted. He was on the point of including her father in it when the lady fortunately stopped him, and said that she thought she would also like some tea. "But may I stop ten minutes to finish this bit while the light is on it? Then I will come in."

Gibbs went in and ordered the tea, and then opened his old box and took out the quarto, which he embedded for the time being in his portmanteau; he had previously removed it from the old cover in order to keep it flatter in the box. It was a hard struggle for him to leave the Grimms, but at last he tore himself away from them. The maid brought up the tea-things, and then, peeping out of the window, he saw the tall form of his visitor disappearing through at the front door. He had a few seconds to spare, and he occupied them (we are sorry to say), in rushing at his box, tearing out the Grimms, and slipping one into each coat pocket. He had barely time to get to the fireplace, looking as self-possessed, or rather as little self-conscious as he could, when Samela came in. She made herself quite comfortable in an armchair by the fire, and she appeared as unself-conscious and innocent as a lady could be—as no doubt she was. There were three cups on the tea-table, and this caused a little further embarrassment to the host. "Your father—would he—shall I ask him if he will come up?" he inquired.

"Oh, please don't trouble," said the daughter. "I know he wouldn't come if he is in; he never takes tea."

So there was no more to be said, and Gibbs did the honours as gracefully as a man in wading-stockings could be expected to do them, but some little part of his usual complacency was destroyed by an uneasy feeling that while he was so employed Samela's eyes were fixed on the side-pockets of his coat where the books were deposited, which he was persuaded bulged out shockingly. In the course of time he found himself sitting in another easy-chair, on the other side of the fire, opposite Samela—just as a young husband might be supposed to sit opposite a young wife in, say, the third week of the honeymoon. Gibbs began to feel as if he was married, and, what with this sensation and the knowledge of his bit of conceit, somewhat uncomfortable—for a moment or two he almost wished that the old professor would make his appearance.

Samela had never looked so bright and fresh and comely as she did that afternoon. There was just something in her position which would have made some girls feel the least bit embarrassed; they would have shown their feelings by little nervousness—have laughed or talked too much; after all she was only the chance acquaintance of a few days. But she sat there perfectly at ease, absolutely mistress of herself.

"I have brought you your picture," she said, and she gave it to him. It was a most masterly work in grey and yellow and brown, Archie's nose supplying just the little bit of warm colour that was wanting. "I think you have been a little hard on my waist," said Gibbs after he had sufficiently admired it. "And now will you please put your name to it; some day when you are a great artist I shall be envied for having it."

She laughed at the somewhat awkward compliment, and then in bold, firm letters she wrote her signature.

"You have a very uncommon Christian name," he said. "I never saw it before. Is it one that belongs to your family?"

"My father used to be very fond of the old dramatists," replied the maiden—and at the word "dramatists" the guilty Gibbs gave a little start and knocked one of the Grimms against the arm of his chair. "He found it in an out of the way song in some old play."

"It is a very pretty name," said the criminal.

"I liked the song," said Samela; "I read it once a long time ago. But I think it is not very wise to give a child names of that kind. There is so much risk in it. If I had grown up crooked or ugly my name would have been an injury to me." It was pretty, as Mr. Pepys used to say, to see how naturally she assumed her good looks. We may mention that before many days had passed Mr. Gibbs' bookseller had received an order (by telegraph) to supply him with the works of Robert Greene, out of which he hunted with some difficulty the very charming lyric the name of which stands at the head of this paper.

"And now for your books," said Gibbs, when his visitor declined to have any more tea. He showed her first a great carefully arranged pile in a corner of the sitting room. There have been exceptions—those who collect fine bindings will at once recall some famous name—but as a rule women do not care for books as men care for them. Probably a large proportion out of the hundred would prefer—if the choice was given them and a bookrest thrown in—the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray to a rather dingy and commonplace looking set of the original issues. Samela was one of the exceptions; she showed a quite evident, almost an eager, interest in the pile. The fashion for big volumes, for great folios and thick quartos has died out—so the men who deal chiefly in such merchandise tell you; but this lady seemed to be of the old school in this respect, and left the octavos to the last. When he considered he had given her sufficient time for a rapid examination, Gibbs—with something of the feeling with which a schoolboy opens his playbox crammed with forbidden fruit before his master—prepared to show her his treasures. "What an ass I am!" he thought as he turned the key. "I have done nothing wrong; and if I had, how could this girl know any thing about it, unless she is a very witch!"

"Ah!" said Samela as the lifted lid showed her the inside of the box; then she swooped down and picked up the brown calf covering in which the quarto had hitherto had its home. She opened it; it was of course empty, and she asked the question—why?—with her eyes, looking just then—so it seemed to the uneasy man—just a little like a school-mistress who was not quite satisfied with his conduct. "Yes," he silently repeated, "I am a fool—and now I shall have to tell a lie about that book."

"Ah!" he replied in a sort of echo to her exclamation. "An old cover; it would do to bind something in." For the life of him he could think of nothing better to say.

Samela looked at the thread by which the quarto had been held in its place and which Gibbs had cut, and then she put the cover gently down. And then he took courage, and did the honours of his box. He expatiated on the beauty and interest of Cruikshank's etchings; he pointed out how much the fine condition of the books added to their value; he enlarged on the spirit and colouring of Rowlandson's plates, and waxed eloquent on the exceeding rarity of the salmon-coloured wrappers. Samela listened patiently to his oration, and when he had finished she made him stand and hearken to a lecture from her.

"I don't agree with what you say about Cruikshanks," said the fair mistress. "I know it is the fashion to collect his books, and of course there are some of his etchings that are wonderfully spirited and perfect. I like some of those to Sir Walter's 'Demonology,' and there is another book of his which I don't see here"—looking about her—"his pictures in Grimm's Fairy Tales,"—Gibbs nearly fell backwards into the box—"which are quite marvellous bits of work; I mean those that Mr. Ruskin praised. But I always think his women are disgraceful; and when he means them to be pretty and ladylike he

is at his worst; he must sometimes have meant to have drawn a lady. And Rowlandson, too—isn't what is called spirit in him often only vulgarity? Look at that dreadful horse—there is no drawing in it—a child eight years old ought to be whipped if it couldn't do better. And look at that man! Certainly his women have sometimes pretty faces, or rather prettier than Cruikshank's but he never drew a lady either. And I can't admire your salmon-coloured wrappers!"

"I dare say you are right," said Gibbs very meekly; he saw the cherished traditions of years overturned in a moment, without daring to fight for them.

"And now, may I really take any book I like for myself?" she asked.

"Any one," replied Gibbs, who began to wish himself down the river with Archie.

"But some of them are too valuable."

"I wish they were more valuable," said Gibbs, feeling rather faint.

"Well," said Samela. "I shall not trouble Messrs. Cruikshank or Rowlandson." She went back to the large pile and picked up one of the books she had looked at before. It was a medium-sized, square vellum-covered volume, "*De Instituedno Sapientia Animo*," by Matthew Bossus, printed at Bologna in the year 1405. "May I have this one?" she asked. "I like it for its beautiful paper and type, and its old, old date."

Gibbs with more truth than when he had last spoken vowed that he was delighted that she should have it; and he begged her to choose another, but this she declined to do. Before carrying off her prize she looked again at the old chest. It had evidently been made to hold valuables in; it was lined with tin and had a very curious lock, which shut with a spring. But the queer thing about it was that the lock would not act when the key was in it, and Gibbs showed her how he had nearly put himself in a fix by laying the key inside the chest when he was shutting it. "I was just on the point of snapping the lock," he explained, "when I remembered. I don't suppose any smith about here could pick that lock."

"Well," said Samela, as she prepared to march off, "I am very much obliged to you—for the tea, and for this charming book, which I shall value very much, and I am sure my father will too." She added, laughing, "I am afraid I read you a terrible lecture, but you must forgive me. I dare say I was all wrong. You know a woman never knows anything about books."

After dinner Gibbs lit a big cigar and strolled slowly down the glen in a meditative mood. In some ten days his month would be up and he would have to leave his pleasant quarters. A week ago he did not know that such a person as Miss Prendergast existed in the world, and now he was beginning to debate within himself whether, before he went away, it would be wise for him to ask her to be his companion for the rest of his days. He had liked her for so easily accepting his invitation, and it had been pleasant to him to look at her as she sat so comely and at home in the armchair by his fire. He thought in many ways—it she said yes—that they would get on well together. Of the likelihood of her saying it he could form no opinion. She might be already engaged; or she might be—for all he knew—a great heiress who would look with contempt on his moderate fortune. But as there are more indifferently well-to-do people in the world than wealthy ones Gibbs sagaciously concluded that the chances were that she was not a great heiress. He thought that probably the Prendergasts were not very much burdened with riches; she had no maid with her, and, manlike, he perhaps judged a little by the plainness and simplicity of her dress. But the father and daughter might be criminals flying from justice for all he knew. An attempt he had made to find out from which quarter of the globe the old man came had been at once nipped in the bud. In the event of success that old man would be a drawback. Then Gibbs looked into the future.

(To be Continued.)



The Boating Season—A New Cricketing Costume—Mrs. Grimwood's Heroism—Feeding Babies—Misapplied Decoration—Screens.

The boating season has now commenced nearly everywhere, and wherever there are rivers, or seaside rowing, girls will be to the fore, with canoes, punts, or boats. Rowing is one of those exercises which are just a little d abtfully good for girls, because they are so very apt to strain themselves. But certainly for those who are strong enough to do it without harm to themselves, beyond a blister or two on the hands, it is a delightful kind of recreation. It stands to reason that clothing for this work should be as easy and comfortable as possible, without necessarily being awkward or inelegant. Freedom for the limbs is the great thing, and I hope that you will like the



little costume I have designed for you. It consists of a white serge skirt with a corselet belt. A jersey of white and light blue takes the place of a bodice, and over it a short bolero, or Figaro jacket is worn with a collar turned back in sailor fashion, and a blue silk cravat tied where the jacket fastens across the chest. This jacket may be taken off when the wearer begins rowing, and being small

may be stowed anywhere. Then after being warm and heated with exercise it is well to have a little wrap that can be quickly donned as a slight extra, to prevent taking cold. The jacket may be made of white serge to match the skirt and turned back with a blue silk collar to repeat the stripes of the jersey. But I only suggest this colouring, leaving it to my readers to use their own taste in the matter. Wha ever it is, let me persuade you to make it quite useful and suitable to the purpose and place for which it is intended. Light colours suit our southern river, but that does not follow that they will be equally appropriate to the more northern ones. For sea boating, I should advise dark coloured serges, a velvet corselet belt, and a dark jacket with silk lining of a lighter shade or colour. The jersey must of course accord with the colours of the rest of the dress, and the ribbon on the hat should do so as well. I always like people to exercise their own taste and ingenuity, and whilst suggesting do not ask them to abide by my ideas.

A new cricketing costume may be found useful, now that ladies are taking so very enthusiastically to the game, or there is no reason why it should not be used as a tennis dress. I always think it is stupid when designing garments of any kind, to make them to look so peculiar that they could not be worn, or used for any other purpose than that for which they were specially made. Now with a very simple contrivance a plain flannel skirt can be arranged to be turned up at a moment's notice in fish-wife fashion, and become quite easy and comfortable for cricket or tennis. The design I give you is made of two kinds of flannels, striped and plain. The striped forms a short



skirt or under-jetticoat, the yoke collar, lower part of sleeves and sash: the plain is gathered to the yoke on the bodice and as puffed upper parts to the sleeves. The plain skirt is lined with as deep a hem of the same material as the wearer likes to have turned up. This should be either fastened up by a clever arrangement of loops and buttons or by safety hooks and eyes, which are not so sightly. Of course it must be prettily arranged at the back where the greater fullness comes. The bodice is drawn into a waistband covered by the striped sash. And when the wearer is not playing, and the skirt is let down, few people would find that it was anything but an ordinary summer flannel frock. In the accompanying little sketch the guards have not been put to the legs, as they make them look so thick and clumsy, but of course they must be worn, the shoes being the usual cricketing shoes with spikes to them. The cap should be of flannel to match the dress.

Mrs. Grimwood's heroism has, I am truly delighted to see, found ample sympathy and appreciation throughout our English land and colonies. No one has more practically evinced this than our beloved Princess, who with true womanly thoughtfulness has inaugurated a subscription that embraces as donors all the wives and female belongings of men in the army. Her Royal Highness has, since

doing this, opened the fund to all women, heading the list of contributions, I believe, with a sum of £100. I may as well state that any of my readers who may wish to contribute may send their cheques or orders direct to Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand, London, W.C. It is also pleasant to know that a special pension is to be awarded to the wife, and mother of the Commissioner, Mr. Quinton. But with all that our own, the Indian Government, and the sympathetic public would do, I cannot help thinking that these poor ladies in spite of their gratitude for the kindness that prompt the gift, will feel how little it goes towards filling up the cruel blank left in their lives by the dear ones so terribly done to death, and that all must be inadequate to ever make good such irreparable losses.

Feeding babies is a subject on which I have been requested to discourse by a very kind correspondent. I feel it to be a very wide one, and in which it is next to impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, for in nothing else that I know of is the adage more true, that "one man's meat is another man's poison," than in the case of infants. Of course, if the mother is healthy she should feed the baby, but if there is any hereditary taint in the blood, or the mother is not likely to give good nourishment to her child, then let a good, strong young woman feed it, if it cannot be brought up by hand. Otherwise, I am no advocate for mothers turning over to another their maternal duties, as many women do, who go out a great deal in society, and then wonder helplessly that the child is not well attended to, and does not prosper. They may have social duties, but their baby duties must be paramount, as nothing must be allowed to interfere with the regularity of a baby's meal times. It is quite absurd to expect a young infant to take more than it is inclined, and then to last for a long time unfed. The little stomach is so tiny and cannot hold more than an eggcup. A word about wet-nurses. The choice of the person who is to nurse your child is a serious one, and one of which medical men do not half realize the importance. If the woman is healthy is all they care, getting to be by their hospital trainings rather wholesale in their treatment of such matters. Now it is very necessary that she should not be a highly nervous, bad-tempered, nor fretful natured person, all of which are possible with perfect health—or she will transmit that quality to her charge. I know a girl, both of whose parents were notably good-tempered people, and yet she was dreadfully peevish. Her mother, by some mismanagement, could not nurse her, and her foster-mother was a very peevish woman. These women also are generally coarse feeders, and think it incumbent on them to drink vast quantities of malt liquors, not at all with benefit necessarily to the baby. So you see it behoves people to be careful. To enable the mother to be rather more independent than if she nursed her baby entirely it is well to begin from the very first with artificial feeding, and then there is no trouble afterwards with weaning. Just a very little cream with sufficient hot water added to warm it, should be given occasionally during the day. Great care must be taken to see if this agrees, which it is more likely to do if commenced from the first. Most of a baby's early troubles come from its food not digesting properly, turning acid, or fermenting instead of digesting. This creates flatulence, and great pain evinced by much crying, and contraction of the little legs and body, all of which by stupid mothers and nurses is put down to ill-temper; and the remedy some people apply is generally a slap or a good shake, which naturally makes the child scream louder, because frightened, and does not cure the flatulence. No baby until after three months old should be allowed to take more than half a teacupful of fluid without stopping to allow the little air-bubbles in the throat to disperse, and it should be held upright for this purpose, else there is every fear of its choking and throwing up most of its food. This is a matter to which very little attention is generally paid by careless mothers and nurses, who also make a point of jiggling them about directly after a meal, and then wonder why the infant is sick. For this reason nothing could be worse nor more really dangerous than laying a baby down with the pipe of a feeding bottle in the mouth, so as to feed itself, without the power of moving. Babies are too weak to move themselves, or get up to admit of the passing off of the air-bubbles, and they will get more and more gasping till they choke, or the bubbles are pressed downwards by the fluid, and become a prolific cause of pain. I call it

suffocation made easy. I have known a baby to fall asleep feeding, and thus placed in its cot without the wind having dispersed; this child was found some hours later on, quite dead, and black in the face—suffocated. Another abomination that I regret to perceive is becoming a common specific for quieting a baby is to give it an india-rubber mouthpiece to suck, fastened to a handle that is hung to the waist by a ribbon. It is as reprehensible a habit as to teach it to suck its thumb. It may be comforted without being taught bad habits or tricks. When thicker food is required than cream and water—which is lighter than milk—whole milk may be given, beginning with very little at a time till the baby takes it only. At six months old, once or twice a week, the yolk of an egg may be made into a thin custard not sweetened, and taken in the bottle—but be careful and watch that it does not make the child bilious—otherwise it is very nourishing and strengthening. Above all, do not be tempted by any one's recommendation to use any of the usual patent foods for infants, pure plain material is best, and you cannot use a better thing than the biscuits, upon which all our Royal children have been brought up, and that are made by a man in London, who will send them anywhere. A piece of one of these is pounded up (if for a young baby) to a powder, and warmed with milk in a lined saucepan, but not allowed to boil till it thickens the milk to the consistency of thin cream so as to pass easily through the pipe of the bottle. By degrees, as the baby grows older, they may be soaked in milk or broth, and given with a teaspoon or made with an egg into a pudding. They are absolutely pure, digestible, and nourishing, which cannot be said of the mysteriously compounded patent foods so largely advertised. I have made this a terribly long subject, but it is such a prolific one that it is hard to condense it into a small space. In conclusion please remember that the baby's health depends on the scrupulous cleanliness of its feeding apparatus, which should be washed directly after use, with a pinch of borax in the water, and pipe and bottle kept in pure cold water afterwards. Above all use your common sense about your baby, and never lose patience with it.

* * *

Misapplied decoration is a mistake that amateurs who aspire to be thought authorities in matters of taste, very often fall into. It is almost exasperating to see such decorators at work. Up goes a piece of Indian silk, or Madras muslin here; there is stuck a palm branch that is supposed to grow out of an impossibly small pot; then some flashily coloured streams are dabbed up against the wall, a piece of brocade laid flat upon it and the result is, well, immense satisfaction on the part of the decorator, and dismay to the eye of the artist. The decoration of a room should be like the carrying out of a costume. If it belongs to any special period of history, then it should be complete in every particular, and not interlarded with a lot of modern items that do not in the least belong to it, and are quite out of place. It does so distress an artistic (not æsthetic) eye to see some fine old carved oak chairs for instance, suitable to a baronial hall, where they are in keeping with everything else, put down in a room hung round with the "greenery gallery" sad-coloured draperies that prevailed the dwellings of the æsthete. What a science there is in those three words—"fitness of things!" and how few amateur decorators seem to study it! It is just a sister wisdom to that oil of society's wheels—tact. What tact is to the terms on which we live with our fellowmen, so "fitness of things" is to the arrangement and decoration of our rooms.

* * *

Now even in so small a thing as screens for a writing-table, we may have what is pretty and appropriate, and I should like to tell you of some that I saw the other day whilst looking at a number of pretty knick-knacks. I like a writing-table well furnished, without being crowded, and above all, it is pleasant to have the photos of one's friends around one, amongst other mementoes; so as to preserve these, there are little screens made in various shapes, some with harp-shaped curved tops, others straight or rounded, and all covered with beautiful pieces of rich old tapestry in a variety of designs and colours. Inside there are places for photographs in different sizes, like little windows, and when two or three of these screens are set about on a writing-table, or, indeed, any kind of table, they not only make a pretty ornament, but serve as a means of hiding the pot of a plant, or jar of flowers if necessary. Some are especially pretty, being covered with blue and white tapestry, to stand behind blue and white china on a table or cabinet.



THE LATE MAJOR FOSTER, Q. O. R.
(See page 51)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

THE lacrosse match between the Shamrocks and Cornwalls on Saturday last was a sort of revelation, after seeing the style of play in the previous matches in the Four club league. Hitherto neither club had been playing their game, and there was a certain sense of disappointment in the minds of the clubs' friends. Saturday's work, however, went a long way towards removing any such feeling, for then it was seen that both teams could play good fast lacrosse. It was decidedly the best match of the season in the four club league, and either side, putting up the same kind of a game, are fit company for anything playing lacrosse just now. The second and sixth games were splendid exhibitions that brought into play every resource of the experienced stick handler. They proved just how scientific a game of lacrosse really is, and they gave a striking example of the power of human endurance, for if ever twenty-four men worked hard and unflinchingly they were the twenty-four who met each other at Cornwall. The home team were in better condition than they had been during the season, and the Shamrocks, to judge from appearances, could make the same boast. There was one very weak spot in the latter's aggregation. That was the home. In such company as the Cornwalls the Shamrock home might as well be off on its holidays. Only one man, Exley, who formerly played in Sherbrooke, did anything like championship work. The rest of the home, in a comparative sense, might have posed as Belviderean Apollos or tobacco signs without any great stretch of imagination. But the Shamrock defence was magnificent. Never was a harder defence game played in the world, for it practically

got down to four men playing twelve before the match ended. With a different home the Shamrock record would read in a different way. As at present constituted the wearers of the green jersey may view victory from afar off and get no closer. But let them get a lively, hard working home, composed of players who are still on earth, and the best of the other clubs will have their work cut out for them. The match resulted in a victory for the Cornwalls, the score standing four games to two, as will be seen from the following summary:—

Game.	Won by	Scored by	M.	S.	Time.
First.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	4	00	
Second.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	28	00	
Third.....	Shamrock.....	McKenna.....	1	30	
Fourth.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	7	30	
Fifth.....	Shamrock.....	Tucker.....	1	30	
Sixth.....	Cornwall.....	Riviere.....	14	00	

The teams, when they lined up, stood as under:—

Cornwall.	Position.	Shamrock.
Carpenter.....	Goal.....	Foley
Murphy.....	Point.....	McKenna
Crites.....	Cover Point.....	Duggan
Hughes.....		Dwyer
A. Adams.....	Defence Field	Murray
Riviere.....		Moore
J. Adams.....	Centre.....	Neville
Danaher.....		Kelly
Turner.....	Home Field	Exley
See.....		McVey
Black.....	Outside Home.....	Tucker
McCutcheon.....	Inside Home.....	Cafferty
McLennan.....	Captain.....	Polan
Woods.....	Umpires.....	Rubenstein
Referee—Purbeck		

* * *

The Cornwall lacrosse club to win anything with pretensions to a championship have been in negotiation with the St. Kitts team and will to-day (Friday) struggle for the C.L.A. honour. For two years St. Catherine's has held an undisputed title in the Western Lacrosse Association, but if the Factory Town boys play the way they did last week there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the far West.

"Out with it," as far as I can remember, was one of Mr. Samuel Weller's injunctions in reference to a diminutive specimen of humanity swallowing a farthing. The same aphorism is eligible just now in lacrosse circles, for it seems to most people that a farthing has got in the way of the Crescent gullet and made just as much trouble as a two-y dollar gold piece. There are many circumstances to be taken in connection with the latest developments, and most of them are practically public property. Two years ago a certain scurrilous paper, published in New York, made certain statements, which more recent events have, in a sense, corroborated concerning a match in which the Crescents were the losers on the field. Whether they lost in a financial way or not is still one of those doubtful questions that are very difficult to solve. To put the case shortly—it went to the effect that the Crescents had sold out and that those in the secret had a remarkable influx of riches, which their occupation and an ordinary streak of good luck did not warrant. There was no trouble about this matter except in the councils of the club, and as nothing could be proved absolutely the question was let go by the board.

* * *

A year later the same thing happened, but in a somewhat different way. There was talk very much resembling that which followed the first match, but there was nothing conclusive enough to base a foundation for a charge of crookedness. The magnates of the club wriggled as uneasily as an eel does in a net when there is no water about, but it did not improve the case to any great extent. The matter was hushed up, and all went merry as the marriage bell, which, in addition to its other duties, heralded the departure of a defunct mother-in-law. This year the case is changed just a little mite, and the places on the team which knew certain players once, will likely know them no more. After two doubtful experiences it was not to be wondered at that the least shadow of suspicion should be converted into an umbrageous fact in the minds of the people who are bettingly inclined. I have spoken before in this column about the iniquity of wagering and that sort of thing, but, notwithstanding all this good advice, people will bet. In weak moments I have fallen into the sin myself and worn sackcloth and ashes till next salary day came round. It is this sin of betting that makes all the trouble in lacrosse circles. When a team gets just a little above the rest of its class there are always people to pat them on the back, say what good fellows they are, cheer them up to win, and go quietly away to do a little betting which they naturally think is all their own way. "There is no doubt of the Crescents winning," say they; "they are head and ears above their company," quoth another. "Let us appropriate both ends of the binding twine while I have a mortgage on the middle," soliloquises the third party, and forthwith a syndicate is formed to make illegal profits. Half a dozen young men, who have saved some money at the expense of their laundry bill, have put up shakels amounting to the salary of weeks and months. They are just as sure of duplicating that amount as they are of picking their teeth with a gratuitously provided tooth-pick in front of some well known hostelry. To make a long story short, it was simply a case of purchase. The knowing ones say that it was only a matter of keeping up the past two seasons' record, and why should not a player "make an honest dollar" when the opportunity offers? This time, however, the biter seems to have been bitten,—with a double row of teeth at that; and the gentlemen who had what is vulgarly termed a cinch are sorry now that they did not lose it at the same time that they lost their money. At the time of writing a meeting of the Crescent club is in progress, the object of which is investigation. There are great opportunities for investigation, and there is also a beautiful possibility of spoiling the future usefulness of the present district champions. A great many lacrosse clubs would bear a lot of investigating, but few can so ill afford an exposé at the present time as the Crescents. The case is one of those peculiar ones where everybody who knows anything at all about the matter is morally certain of the shortcomings of some four or five members of the team, but who cannot bring direct proof to bear on it. The one plea that the suspected players can bring forward is the fact of having won the match, but the rest of the players seem pretty well ready to make an affidavit that it was no fault of theirs that the Shamrocks did not win. The end will be in a day or two, and it will be interesting to watch developments. One thing, however, is certain,—the scutcheon of the

Crescents will come out of the discussion considerably soiled.

* * *

The annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which this year will be held at Barrie, Ont., will probably see a better Montreal delegation than any previous event of the kind. There was no particular anxiety shown on the part of the larger cities to have the honour of the regatta. In fact, to a certain extent, the aforesaid honour went a-begging until the aquatically inclined abiders by the Lake of Kempenfeldt took it into their heads that their's was the only fit and proper place to hold a regatta this year, and their proposition, after a respectable time for consideration, was duly accepted. The annual regatta does not appear to have been a particularly paying institution recently, evidenced by the fact that Ottawa, whose turn it was, under the unwritten law, to hold the regatta, refused to take it for reasons various. It is not a particularly complimentary thing to have to say of our large boating clubs; but the fact remains that most of them lack energy in a marked degree, while such a thing as enthusiasm is an almost unknown quantity. In the Montreal district "let well enough alone" seems to have been the guiding motto, and the result is that since the year of the "big four" we have had practically nothing in the way of aquatics. It is not that sort of content which "turns wooden cups to gold and makes water wine;" it is rather the lethargy that looks at a silver medal or a Britannia ware cup as the pinnacle of fame. Where ambition is merely local in the way of sports, then ambition has very circumscribed limits indeed. With the material at the disposal of the different clubs on the Island of Montreal, not to speak of the other side of the river, there is no earthly reason why we should not be at the head and front of aquatics, but we are not by a very large majority; a scarcity of leaders and a want of enthusiasm are the causes. Under the circumstances every effort that makes for the betterment of things should be duly appreciated. For years past the aquatic honour of Montreal has almost solely depended on the Lachine Boating Club, but these gentlemen have not fulfilled their mission, and eyes are now turned to the Grand Trunk Boating Club, which is about the only one to make any strenuous efforts towards getting into championship shape. That a little energy is a wonderful thing was discovered when this club felt the necessity of being well boated. The executive did not sit down and wail over impossibilities; they got up and hustled, and the result is that they now possess the best racing craft in Canada, and among the rowing members are some men who will do credit to their colours. Their trial fours have shown clearly that there are plenty of really good oarsmen from which a judicious selection might be made that could hold its own in almost any company. It is nearly time that a championship should come Montrealwards, and it looks as if the Grand Trunk people were destined to bring it.

* * *

That there are possibilities for trotting men in the Province of Quebec has been abundantly evidenced by the two meetings which have been held under the present management of the Blue Bonnets track. The first meeting was a very considerable surprise to the men who had been accustomed to enter their horses conditionally and who found out that the old regime was no longer in existence. It called forth remarks of commendation from such men as Wm. Johnston and M. M. Morse, secretary of the National Trotting Association, references that ought to be good enough for anybody. That was good enough in its way, but still it was not the best or most striking result of the plan adopted by the management. Men who trot their horses for the love of the thing and who under the old ringing and suppressed time system would never think of making an entry patronized the Blue Bonnets' second meeting because they recognized the fact that there was an opportunity for honest racing. We have perhaps the best trotting stock in the Dominion in the province, but there have been few opportunities to ventilate that owing to the marked mismanagement of the different tracks. A decided improvement is now visible and the prospects for trotters seem brighter than for many years past.

* * *

The athletes who have been representing the cherry diamond on the other side of the water have met with more than a fair share of success. The Herculean Queckberner sent the English record away into the atmosphere at the same

time that he let go the 56 lb weight which landed 32 feet 2½ inches from the mark. Remington made a hundred in even time and took 49.25 secs. for the quarter. Six feet took away the high jumping medal and Hallock, M.A.C., was the man who topped the bar at that height. Dadman and Roddy both quit in the thousand yards, and Lange and Nichol were beaten out in the walk, but for all that the Manhattan Club have reason to be proud of their peregrinating proteges.

* * *

With the international cricket match in progress there is naturally considerable interest taken in the results of previous contests of a like nature. Beginning in the fifties, the war of the rebellion put an end to cricket courtesies in 1860 and nineteen years elapsed before friendly wielders of the willow met each other again. The following condensed table, published by the *Empire*, is of interest:—

First Series.

- 1853—New York, United States by 34 runs.
- 1854—Toronto, Canada by 10 runs.
- 1856—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 9 wickets.
- 1857—Toronto, Canada by 4 wickets.
- 1858—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 4 wickets.
- 1859—Toronto, United States by 4 wickets.
- 1860—Hoboken, N.J., United States by 5 wickets.

Second Series.

- 1879—Ottawa, United States by 5 wickets.
- 1880—Philadelphia, drawn.
- 1881—Hamilton, United States by 10 wickets.
- 1882—Philadelphia, by 8 wickets.
- 1883—Toronto, United States by an innings and 46 runs.
- 1884—Philadelphia, Canada by 100 runs.
- 1885—Toronto, Canada, by 35 runs.
- 1886—Seabright, N.J., Canada by 97 runs.
- 1888—Toronto, United States by an innings and 87 runs.
- 1880—Philadelphia, United States by an innings and 31 runs.

The match at present being played will be referred to at length next week.

* * *

The only important business transacted at the annual meeting of the National Curler's Association outside the election of officers, was the change made in the conditions governing the Mitchell medal, which hereafter will be a club match instead of a rink match. The officers for the coming year are:—President, Major John Peattie, of Utica; Vice-Presidents, John McCullough, St. Paul, and Thomas Nicholson, New York; Secretary, J. S. Van Schoonhoven, Albany; and Treasurer, R. A. McKnight, Jersey City.

* * *

Dog men will have an opportunity of exhibiting their pets and winning prizes with them in the fall in the Limestone City. A guarantee fund of \$300 has been raised by the citizens, and the Kingston Kennel Club will hold a bench show. Mr. Lacey, of the *Forest and Stream*, will act as judge. Montreal is singularly backward in this respect, although there are quite a number of prize-winning canines in the city.

Stray Notes.

A lady spending the summer at a fishing village on the south coast, asked one of the male residents, "How far is it to Mr. Dobson's house?" The seafaring man scraped his top knot politely and answered:

"Just about a dog's trot, mum."

"How far is that?" the lady asked again. The man hesitated a instant, as if searching in his mind for an exact measure of distance, and then replied:

"About as far as it would take ye to smoke an even pipeful o' terbacker, mum."

A so-called wit the other day, upon meeting an acquaintance about to be married to an heiress of the name of Abernethy, accosted him in this wise:

"Halloa, old chap, allow me to congratulate you. Going to marry Miss Biscuits, I hear?"

"Yes, and the tin too!" was the reply.

Lord Roseberry has been telling a pretty little story about his pretty little daughter. Her nurse had told her that if she would think less in the day she would dream less at night.

"But I can't help thinking," answered my lady, for you know, I can't make my mind sit down."



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.
(Looking towards the River.)

Britain, Canada and the States.

A Study of Fiscal Conditions. PART IV.

Lord Dunraven in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* deals with this question very concisely. He shows that the duty on wheat in France was in 1882 only 2.8d per cwt.; in 1885 it was raised to 1.5d per cwt. or 536 per cent. According to economists the price of wheat and bread should have at once risen. The result really was that the price of wheat actually fell from an average of 10.08 shillings per cwt. in 1883 to 9.29 shillings per cwt. in 1886, the year following the increased duty, or 8 per cent. The price of bread also decreased as the following table shows:—

Bread.	1883.	1886.
First quality	1.57 pence	1.39 pence
Second "	1.35 "	1.22 "
Third "	1.17 "	1.09 "

Similar results followed in Germany where the duty on wheat was raised from 6d. per cwt. in 1882 to 2s. 6d. per cwt. in 1889, or 500 per cent. higher. The price of wheat went down from 10.30 shillings in 1882 to 9.39 shillings per cwt. in the latter year.

Then there is another way of putting the matter, According to the late Prof. Leone Levi, the average taxation upon all articles grown or produced in Great Britain is 12½ per cent, the total imperial taxation being 154 millions, and the trade or consumption of the country being calculated at 1,200 sterling. Consequently, imports should be taxed at least 12½ per cent. in order to equalize the burdens upon the foreign and home produce respectively.

One of the great forces of the day in an economic sense, has been the now famous McKinley Bill.

It has injured Canada slightly; it has bit England heavily; it has affected our national elections; the reciprocity clauses are working great changes in South American trade; and the measure is freighted with the presidential hopes of the Republican party; while the general external result will be the drawing together of the countries of the British Empire. The bill itself appears to have been designed primarily as a domestic measure and with reference to internal interests. Incidentally certain portions of it were probably arranged by advice to effect Canadian interests as well as to attract votes by keeping out British products, but I believe that as a whole the measure was introduced under the mistaken belief that it was a natural development of the protective policy of the Republic. It must be remembered in view of the apparent reaction against its provisions that a similar outcry arose in 1868 over the tariff revisions in 1866-67, especially with regard to the wool and woollens tariff of the latter year.

As will be seen by the following figures, the Republican party have proved the courage of their convictions in raising duties higher:—

UNITED STATES IMPORTS, 1889.

	Value.	Duties collected.
Iron and steel manufactures...	\$43,510,134	\$16,909,340
Cotton manufactures.....	27,105,510	10,841,970
Earthen, stone and crack-ry. ware.....	6,473,358	3,964,402
Fruits.....	12,902,825	4,007,097
Silk manufactures.....	34,956,720	17,342,572
Sugar, confectionery and molasses.....	83,419,277	55,995,137
Wool manufactures.....	52,681,483	35,373,627

The promoters of the measure claim that they desire to effect the much needed reduction of the national revenue by checking imports of such articles as are produced by their own people, and releasing from import duties those articles of foreign production the like of which cannot be produced at home. In order to effect this, they assert that by the new law, (1.) the internal taxes on tobacco have been largely reduced, according to the theory that all direct taxation should be lowered as much as possible; (2.) the free list has been enormously increased by the addition of

every article known to their commerce that is not or cannot be profitably produced within the country, in order that such goods should be brought to the consumer at the lowest possible price. The whole policy is based upon the plea of its promoters, that the revenue of the country should be collected as largely as possible from foreigners; that foreign competition should be checked wherever it threatens to lower the American standard of wages or injure American producers; that branches of industry never before established in America should be encouraged to bring their capital to the States and thus promote the welfare of the workingmen; and that the prices of articles so taxed will decrease instead of increasing as a result of home competition.

With regard to the agricultural schedule it is claimed that it will increase the price of the product to the farmer and preserve his home market to him by discouraging the importation of foreign produce which has risen in amount from \$40,000,000 in 1850 to \$256,000,000 in 1889. The result, as regards the Republic is, of course, debatable. While prices have temporarily risen to a certain extent there can be no doubt that a fresh stimulus will be given to the manufacture of the finer grades of cotton and woollen goods; and to the production of cutlery and other similar articles. New factories are already being started, amongst others several tin-plate factories at Pittsburg; mills are being built for the production of woven linens, and branch establishments of several leading British firms are said to be assured. Such being the case, it is premature to pronounce the measure a failure, and at all events it will be a considerable period before the legislation could be altered. Ten years is the estimated time for a change in the complexion of the Republican Senate and before that period is reached many things may happen, amongst others Mr. Sherman's predictions "that in ten years Canada would be represented either in the Congress at Washington or the Parliament at London." However that may be, the new channels of Canadian trade will long before then have been settled and the United States will have to some extent lost a customer who bought \$252,000,000 of dollars from them in the last 40 years in excess of what they sold them.

It would appear that whatever should be the ultimate result of this policy the Canadian advocates of reciprocity are upon the horns of a dilemma. Should the higher duties be approved at the next presidential election, then no chance of free-trade exists, unless we choose to raise a McKinley tariff against the Mother Country. If the Democrats should be returned, and should try to lower the duties, which is almost impossible with a Republican Senate, then according to free-trade arguments an enormous impetus would be given to American manufacturing, in which case the position of our poor producers would indeed be pitiable.

According to Hon. Roger Q. Mills, one of the leaders of the Democracy, "our manufacturers, like our farmers, are standing sorely in need of more extended markets. We can turn out a third more product than our people can consume and we must have more markets and more consumers."

Canadian revenue reformers must either accept the Republican maxim that American protection against England is good, with the inevitable presumption that Canadian protection against the States is better, or else the Democratic theory that protection has wrought a tremendous over-production, for which larger markets are necessary, and the equally strong inference that our home market would be led like a lamb to the slaughter under the kind guidance of the advocates of reciprocity.

It is, however, pleasant in the teeth of hostile American tariffs, threats and aggressions upon our fisheries to read on all sides the generous, sympathetic and reassuring words of newspapers and speakers of every political complexion in the United Kingdom; and to find so many promises of co-operation even to the extent of fiscal discrimination in our favour. In this connection and bearing in mind the vigorous words of Sir John Macdonald at Halifax, and during the recent elections, it is interesting to note the following energetic statement from his pen in the *North American Review* of January 1886, evidently in reply to a request for an article:

"I scarcely think that a discussion as to the advisability of the severance by agreement of the connection which now exists between the Mother Country and Canada can lead to any practical result. A very large proportion of the people of Canada believe that their future prosperity depends upon the continuance of that connection, and that feeling is so strong that I think any attempt at separation would lead to a civil war."

The McKinley bill, however, while affecting Canada to some extent, affects Great Britain very much more. At the time when it became law a leading banking journal of England stated that the British exporter to the States might as well retire from business, while it enquired how the £80,000,000 worth of imports from the States are to be paid for if British exports are rendered unprofitable in American markets. There can be no question that Yorkshire in its export of woollens, carpets and clothing; Dundee, where Mr. Gladstone held forth so fallaciously a few months since; and Belfast in jutes and linen; London in furs; Nottingham in millinery and Lancashire in cotton piece goods, will suffer severely.

It has been stated with authority that the iron and steel trade with America is practically doomed.

The following figures partially illustrate the position of affairs:—

TOTAL BRITISH EXPORT OF TEXTILE GOODS TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1889.

Cotton manufactures.....	\$10,935 000
Linen and jute manufactures.....	19 280,000
Silk manufactures.....	6,645 000
Woollen manufactures.....	23 585 000
Total.....	\$60,445,000

The moral conveyed by existing fiscal conditions appears to be the absolute necessity of Great Britain and the States of the Empire forming a combination for commercial defence, and the promotion of inter-imperial trade. As an illustration of what has been done, rather than as a guide to what will be done in the future, the following table will be interesting:—

BRITISH DUTIES IN 1845, (AD VALOREM).

	From Foreign Countries Per cent.	From British Possessions. Per cent.
Cotton cloth manufactures.....	10½	5¼
Woollen manufactures.....	15¾	5¼
Silk.....	31½	5¼
Hides (dressed).....	10½	5¼
	s. d.	s. d.
Bacon and lams (cured).....	14 8½	3 8
Butter.....	21	5 3
Cheese.....	11	2 7½
Pork.....	8 4¼	2 1
Wheat per qtr.....	20	5

The Colonies at this time gave a decided preference to British products, and there can be little doubt that had the preferential portion of the policy then in force been maintained, our Canadian prairies would have been filled with a numerous and prosperous population; India would have supplied England, in conjunction with Australia and this Dominion, with the food products which now come so largely from the United States; and Great Britain would have had the colonial markets for her goods enormously increased in value.

It only remains for me now to sum up by urging a general and hearty support to Imperial Reciprocity from all who desire to see Canada and the Empire prosperous in unison. Let an enthusiastic and widely spread rally be made around the banner of the new United Empire Trade League, or similar organizations, and a movement inaugurated which will make a grand reality of what now appears to many as naught but the baseless fabric of a dream. With a total inter-imperial trade of 1,400,000,000 of dollars, it is certainly worth an endeavour to retain and promote our rapidly expanding British commerce, and, as the Canadian leader of the Opposition said at Somerset, Quebec, in August, 1888: "It is a matter to be hoped that those nations which recognize the sovereignty of Great Britain may be united by commercial union." Writing some two years ago to the *Mail*, the secretary of the British Union of Manchester, a strong fair-trade organization, with 30 members of the British Parliament on its executive, expressed himself as follows: "Let Canada and Australia give us a clear, definite mandate to declare to our fellow-countrymen that they desire and are willing to enter into a commercial union with the Mother Country on the basis of differential customs duties, and within twelve months we will light up such a fire from Land's End to John O'Groat's, as shall illumine the world as to the future policy of the British race." Let me say once more that I believe in

the words of the *Montreal Gazette*: "The policy of Imperial reciprocity is splendid in conception and thoroughly practical in character," and that, as Mr. Chamberlain lately said of British statesmen, so we can say of our Canadian leaders: "It is the duty of every statesman to do all in his power to maintain and increase this commercial intercourse, and to foster the attachment upon which, to a large extent, it is founded."

In concluding these necessarily brief contributions to the consideration of a great subject, let me urge the adoption of a vigorous policy and the abandonment of this principle of "drift" which has so long characterized Canadian as well as British thought in regard to our Imperial future. Let us remember that a union of peoples is simply a delusion and a snare unless properly organized, and that if we, in this British Empire, base our future government upon the lasting principles of co-operation and consolidation, no foreign legislation or nation can affect the prosperity, progress or power of any British people.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Is it the Universal Custom to Mount a Horse on the Left Side?

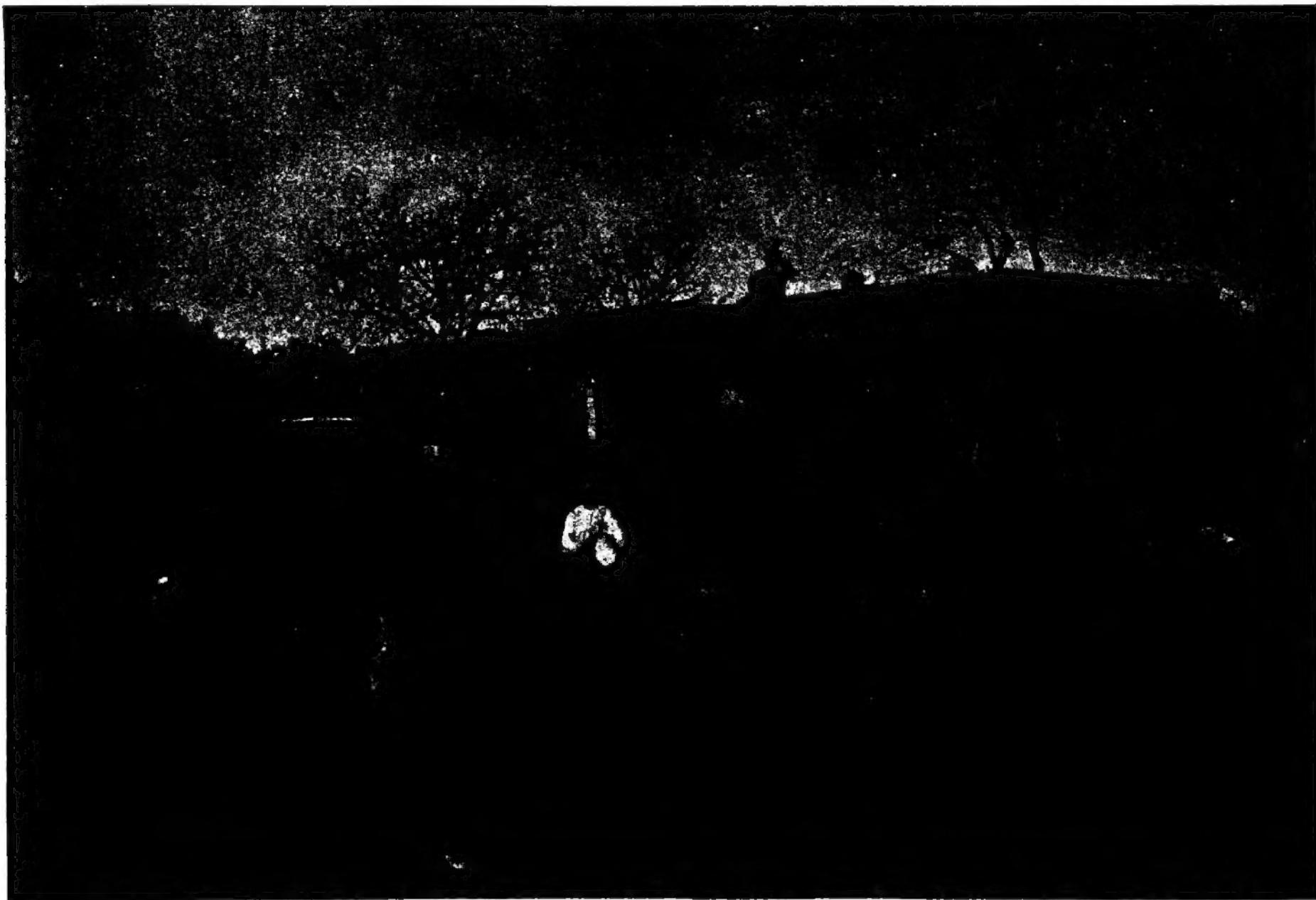
It can hardly be said that the custom is universal to mount a horse on the left side, though it is customary with European peoples. The Indian always mounts from the right side, as did also the Romans and Greeks, while the Japanese still take to the right. This has its advantages, as it leaves the left hand free to hold a spear, and control the horse. It was the custom at one time for people to mount on the right side in England, and it was abandoned chiefly for the reasons that as it became customary for gentlemen of quality to wear their swords on the left, they found it more convenient to mount on that side.

Pensions to Officers' Widows.

The ordinary pension to the widow of a lieutenant in the army is £40, and £10 for each child. A captain's widow has £50, and £12 for each child; a lieutenant-colonel's widow £90, and £16 for each child; a general's widow £120, and £20 for each child. If his death is directly traceable to fatigue, privation, exposure, etc., the pensions to the officer's family are increased by half as much again; if he is killed in action, or die of wounds within twelve months of the battle, the pensions are doubled. The ordinary pensions are not granted if the officer was twenty-five years older than his wife.



THE SETTING OUT.
(From the painting by Haguette.)



A STREET IN THE BAZAAR.



HINDOOS BATHING IN THE WATERS OF THE GANGES.
SCENES AT HARDWAR, BRITISH INDIA.
(See page 51.)



THE BATHING GHAT AT HARDWAR. BRITISH INDIA.
(See page 51.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Heroes of Ridgeway.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED :

Among the most affecting incidents of the Ridgeway celebration, described by your Toronto correspondent, (see DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, June 13th), was the presence on the occasion of the mother of Ensign McEachran, the first man killed, and the sending of a wreath for his grave by his old company, "E."

In this connection the following verses, published at the time in the *Toronto Globe*, over the initials E.N.D.S. (Erol Gervase), may not inappropriately re-appear in so patriotic a journal as the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Sincerely yours,

EROL GERVASE.

Montreal, June 15th, 1891.

"Ensign McEachran was shot through the body the first fire. The Revds. Messrs. Inglis and Burwash attended. He died in the Christian faith, and died for his country."
(Telegraphic despatch, June 2nd, 1866.

What is wanting? words sublimer
Poet need not sing for thee,
Sculptor grave, nor careless rhymers
Link with verse thy need to be.

On thy brow in death's pale glory
Greener wreaths than laurel rest,
And we strew, to tell thy story
Maple leaves above thy breast.

Thine to light the ages coming
With a promise all sublime,
In thy brief heroic, summing
Lessons for our future time;

While upon our vision riseth
Mournfully what might have been
Hadst thou lived, thy death compriseth
That shall keep thy mem'ry green.

And we sing, our tears fast flowing,
God be thanked, our native land,
Hero souls like thine bestowing,
Ne'er shall lack her patriot band.

Militia Uniforms.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED :

SIR,—As an old militiaman, and one who is jealous of the honour of the service, I would like to see some explanation of the fact recently stated in your journal, that the 6th Fusiliers of Montreal wear white facings. How is it that this fine regiment has lost the right to the honourable distinction to which all corps in the Canadian military service are entitled—granted to them, I have always understood, in recognition of the gallant services of the Canadian militia in 1812—of wearing the same facings as the "Royal" regiments in the regular army.

Yours, GREYBEARD.

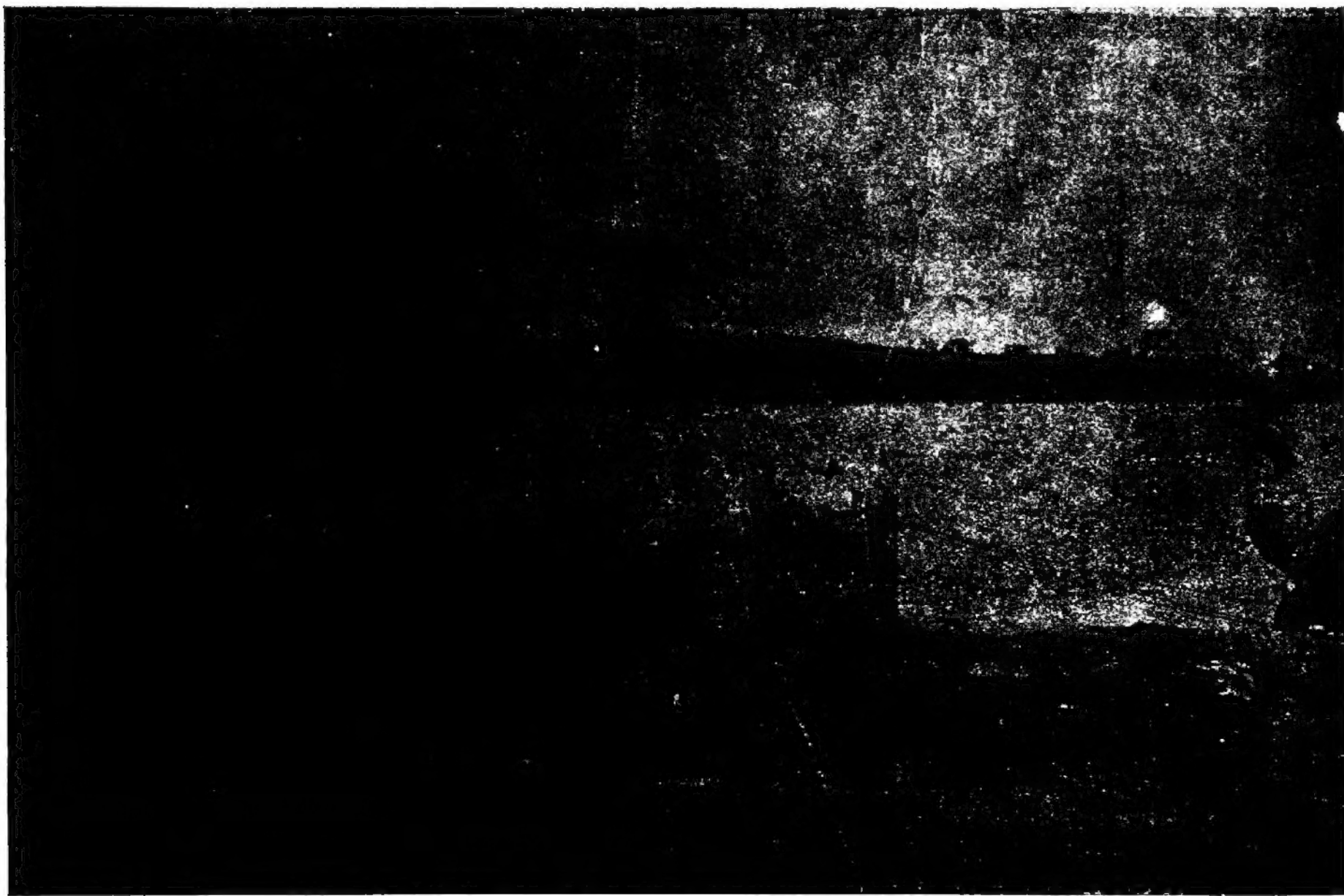
Toronto.

No Typewriter for Him—Visitor to old lady: You son writes for the newspapers, I understand.

Old Lady, with pardonable pride—Yes, my boy is mighty smart, if I do say it myself, that shouldn't.

Visitor—Does he use a pseudonym in writing?

Old Lady—Oh, no; he can't write with the pesky machines. He has to do it by hand.)



VIEW OF ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, FROM MONTREAL HARBOUR.

The Trials of an Editor.

BY KATE NEVILLE.

How often we think, when reading the news,
That a thing of less interest one never did see,
But, Sir Critic, reflect ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison.
And, lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials;
First—a pretty young lady sprightly and fair,
With the *Jail* in her hand waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She throws it aside with a muttered pshaw!

No marriages here—
I think it is queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.

Here's poetry,	And battles,
Sketches,	And sieges,
And tales,	And law-suits
Without ending,	A-pending;

But no pic-nics, or concerts, or parties for me—
Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Then a nice young man with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and soirees,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please,

In theatres,	In races,
Circuses,	And chases,
Operas,	In banquets,
Balls,	And calls,

And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonders if lines here addressed to Miss Bella,
Were not written to her by some clever fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise;
But she stops in surprise at the "dark hazel eyes,"

For her's are deep blue,
What a pity 'tis true,
For now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis all blamed on you.

What speeches,	And lawing,
And sermons,	And jawing,
And news,	And clawing,
By despatch,	To match;

But of sketches or tales not one can I see—
What kind of a man must the editor be?

Next a grave politician, who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads

Of breaches	Of parliament
And speeches,	Houses,
And foreign	Of railways
Reports,	And courts,

And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,
These rhymes and these love stories so far to print;
If 'twould do any good I would give them a hint.

Now, a prim old maid the paper spies,
And, holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la! and du tell!"
She manages somehow to read very well—

The marriages,
Accidents,
Suicides,
Deaths,

The robberies,
And murders,
All in
A breath,

And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole of community's labouring under,
To support such a paper whose print is so small,
She wonders how some people read it at all,

Advertiser, eager for notice and gain,
Is determined to try the effect of a cane
On the editor's back—for see what you've done,
In a passion he cries, here's B. F., & G.,
Who pay you no more for their notice than me,
Stuck on the inside, while I, to be sure,
Must be put out of sight—who could it endure?

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er,
So many mistakes was ne'er heard of before;
Look here at this "Sonnet Addressed to my Lady,"
You've made it "A Bonnet and Dress for my Baby."
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that,
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—that is flat.

The farmer complains that his crops are neglected,
While so much time is spent guessing who'll be elected.
The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of state;
And thousands of other complaints are made known,
Which the editor's back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, they all join in saying
Such a paper as this can't be print without paying?

A Good Combination.—Reporter: Here is my account of
the wedding of that Boston man to the Chicago girl.
Editor—Have you put a head on it?
Certainly. "Pork and beans."